

# THE ACADEMY.

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THIS is a very instructive and valuable work. Dr. Joyce is well known as a leading member of the Commission appointed, some years ago, to investigate and report upon the remains of the Ancient Laws of Ireland; and he has already contributed largely to Irish history. The volume before me is an epitome of the annals and fortunes of the Irish race, from the earliest times to the Elizabethan Conquest; and it is to be supplemented, I am happy to learn, by a volume which will bring down the narrative from the close of the sixteenth century to the Victorian era. I have read the book with unflagging interest; and though I dissent from some of its statements, I wish to record my emphatic sense of its merits. Dr. Joyce, indeed, does not aim at finding "the law within the law" in his careful treatment of the masses of facts which make up his subject. He has not, perhaps, the philosophic insight of Sir Henry Maine, whose admirable review of the Brehon Laws is a masterpiece of thought. He may not possess the keen political insight of Mr. Goldwin Smith in his almost perfect essay on *Irish History and Irish Character*. His object has been to condense within a small compass, and to present in a clear and popular shape, the most prominent features of Irish national life: to give us, in Mr. Froude's language, a book of premises rather than of conclusions, true to realities and avoiding theories. And from this point of view his success is not doubtful. The work gives proof of conscientious research, of great industry, of ripe learning; it is thrown into an attractive form, and, if somewhat overlaid with details, is a succinct, pleasing, and compendious narrative; and it is pervaded, in the main, by a just perception of the difficult questions it has to deal with, and by a sound and comprehensive judicial spirit. It will be of real use to those who wish to study the great problem of Ireland now before us—to the average Englishman, who must learn to think of the Irish as not an inferior race; to the Irish Nationalist, who must not be blind to the failings and faults of the people he loves; to the Unionist, who should never forget that a higher ideal may include a lower; above all, to the calm-minded observer, who believes that Ireland teaches, in a special way, the lesson of a large historical charity. The book, I should add, has been brought out with care: I have detected only a single misprint "1188"

A.D. for 1168 (p. 249); but this is rather an important error.

I can only glance at what may be called the antiquities of the native Irish race set forth at some length by Dr. Joyce. As in the case of all families of the Celtic stock, their art shows grace and delicacy rather than strength. Their poetry, seen at its best in the warblings of Moore, is exquisite in form but wants substance; and it had a marked tendency to over-refinement. The same may be said of their cunning work in wood, stone, and the precious metals; and in architecture they were not original, though they skilfully imitated the Norman genius. Their Chronicles abound in rich fancy, interwoven with a large substratum of fact; but those of the Four Masters, much the best known, do not even approach the heights of history, and they are mainly a record of tribal feuds corresponding to what the authors witnessed. Their laws, however, deserve special notice; and Dr. Joyce's sketch of the Brehon Laws, if it does not reach the depths of the subject, will, nevertheless, repay careful study. It is unnecessary to say that the coarse abuse bestowed on these laws, in their first principles, by the Cokes and the Davises, is sheer ignorance. The Brehon Laws did not recognise crimes because Ireland was not a complete State; they do not refer to a gradation of regular courts, because there was no system of public Irish justice. They were in the main a collection of Aryan customs, common to the race from the Ganges to the Shannon, but purged from much that was evil by Christian influence; yet they certainly show traces of the Civil Law of Rome, owing, doubtless, to the studies of the later Brehon jurists. The Brehon Code, or rather what we possess of it, is marked with the subtlety characteristic of Irish thought; but, as some Elizabethan lawyers allowed, it contains a great deal of natural justice, and it contrasts favourably with the English Common Law in this, that it is more humane and equitable in its conceptions. The great value, however, of this archaic body of law is that it clearly reveals the primitive structure and institutions of the native Irish community. The Brehon Laws prove that the Irish race was an Aryan people of pure descent, not as advanced as some of the Aryan families of man, but one with them in ideas and customs, and even in the forms of social life and government. The organisation of the ancient Irish tribes was half patriarchal and half aristocratic, as we see it in Greece and Rome, in England and France, in Germany, Russia, and India, at different stages of the course of their respective histories. The septs and clans represented the common brotherhood, originating in a mythical ancestor, that formed the mould of early Aryan life; but there was a hierarchy of kings and greater and lesser nobles, corresponding to what was established in Europe in classical and mediæval times, though not in a state of such full development. And, just as in the case of other Aryan nations, this organisation was settled on the land and exhibited its well known and peculiar features. The idea of a tribal possession of the soil was stronger

in Ireland than in most parts of the Continent; and to this may be ascribed most of the old customs, called "sluttich usages," by Anglo-Saxon judges in the plenitude of their ignorant conceit. But the process known as the feudalisation of the land was going on in Ireland, as in other countries; the Irish kings and chiefs had their separate domains, and the conception of individual landed ownership—one of the chief signs of civilised progress—was being made distinctly, if slowly, manifest. Nor is it really doubtful but that this state of things would in the case of Ireland, as with other races, have gradually evolved social order and a national government, but for the unfortunate events of Irish history.

I must pass lightly over Dr. Joyce's sketch of Ireland before the Anglo-Norman Conquest. The succession of races that peopled the island were certainly of the great Celtic family, with the exception, perhaps, of the Milesian colony, which gave Erin her lines of native kings. The names of those princes, sprung from the loins of Heremon and Heber, mythical heroes, like Romulus and Remus, Hengist and Horsa, sufficiently prove that the race had made some progress in the arts of war and peace as early at least as the Christian era. Conn of the Hundred Fights was an Irish Tullus; Feredach the Law-giver was an Irish Numa; Cormac the Great was probably the first patron of learning in a still pagan country. It would be idle to follow the protracted tale of the annals of Ireland down to the twelfth century. The Irish Celts showed the tendency of the Aryan races to form something like a regular monarchy out of the chaos of tribes ruled by inferior chiefs. The great House of O'Neill held supreme power in Ireland, nominally, for five hundred years; but its authority was never sufficiently strong to create anything like a central government, or to establish order and general laws; and the island continued to be parcelled out into petty sovereignties, the seats of half independent clans. This state of things resembled the state of England before Egbert united the seven kingdoms and the state of France under her sovereign noblesse, and continual feuds and wars were the inevitable results. Yet it would be idle to infer from this that the Irish race were of a barbarian type. You might as well infer that Germany was a land of savages because it remained divided for long ages, and was the theatre of perennial discords; and, in truth, the organisation of the ancient Irish monarchy had much in common with that of the mediæval Empire, as Sir Henry Maine has conclusively shown. It deserves special notice that Ireland resisted the formidable invasions of the Danes more successfully than Anglo-Saxon England; and Dr. Joyce's account of the reign of Brian—the Alfred of the native Irish race—and of the celebrated fight of Clontarf clearly illustrates this historical fact. Nor is it any proof of the essential weakness and foolishness of the Irish people that it yielded easily to Anglo-Norman rule; the Danes had shattered the ancient monarchy and had spread anarchy and disorder everywhere,

and the Normans were the conquering race of Europe, unrivalled alike in the field and in council. The German race was not weak and foolish because its divided princes repeatedly called in Louis XIV. and Napoleon to settle their feuds, and thus placed Germany under the yoke of France.

Dr. Joyce's account of the Paganism of ancient Ireland is, perhaps, somewhat indistinct and meagre. The native Celts were, no doubt idolaters, unlike the races beyond the Rhine, if Caesar and Tacitus are correct in this; and they were under the control of the Druid priesthood. But the Irish Druids seem not to have possessed the power of their caste in Britain and Gaul, though Caesar—a Roman sceptic—perhaps exaggerates the sacerdotal influence he witnessed in those lands. Christianity had the same magical spell in Ireland as in France and Germany. Its teachings transformed the hearts of men; kings, nobles, and people were drawn by Patrick from Paganism and its evil worship; and the race adopted the Faith with enthusiastic ardour. Dr. Joyce's description of the Early Church of Ireland errs, I think, in showing too much sympathy with Rome. That church was, to Roman eyes, schismatical: it rejected large parts of the Roman doctrine; it repudiated much of the Roman discipline; and it was hardly in communion with the Holy See. It was, in fact, almost an independent church, without an organisation of the regular kind, modelled in its hierarchy on the clan system, and heretical in more than one of its tenets; and it was regarded with dislike by orthodox churchmen. As for its work, it need not cause us surprise that it did not put an end to tribal discords, or even mitigate intertribal feuds; but there is some evidence that the state of morality in Ireland was extremely bad during centuries after the advent of Patrick; and the ancient Irish church has been censured for this by writers who have drawn their inspiration from Rome. Yet Ireland was really a land of saints and of learned men during this very period; her native church sent missionaries into many lands, whose labours deserve the highest praise from history. The influence of these distinguished teachers, who made their way over every part of Europe, and even the position held by Ireland as a centre of Gospel light and knowledge, may have been exaggerated in these reports; but there can be no doubt that the rays of the Faith were diffused from the distant island of the West, from the Solway Firth to the shores of the Euxine, during the long night when the barbarian hordes were overrunning the perishing empire. France, Switzerland, Germany, Britain, and Spain bear witness to the work of these Irish apostles; it was, in fact, largely due to the efforts of Irishmen that Europe remained Christian during the Dark Ages, and humanity and civilisation owe, in this matter, a debt to Ireland that can hardly be repaid.

Dr. Joyce's sketch of the state of Ireland from the days of Strongbow to the Tudor era, is correct and clear, with a single exception. The power of the Plantagenets seemed at first established; the subtle chain

of feudalism held the island in nominal dependence for a long period; and the authority of the "Lord of Ireland" was acknowledged as supreme. But centuries rolled on, and three main causes gradually weakened the effects of the first conquest, and restored, though in a degraded state, the predominance of the old Celtic community: England did not set up a central government, with a general law extending everywhere; she abandoned the island to the Anglo-Norman settlers, and the Englishry, a distinct caste; and she gave no protection to the Irish chiefs and tribes, though these repeatedly sought for it. Again, the long wars with Scotland and France, and especially the internecine War of the Roses, turned the attention of English monarchs and statesmen away from Ireland and Irish affairs, and lessened the influence of the ruling race; and the power of England rapidly declined, in Ireland, during the fifteenth century. But, perhaps, the most potent cause of the revolution was this: the cunning and attractive Celtic genius transformed the Anglo-Saxon nature when in contact with it; and, despite barbarous and unwise laws, which endeavoured to keep the two races apart, successive generations of English colonists became in whole counties, in the progress of time, "more Irish," as it was said, "than the Irish themselves." Norman nobles adopted Irish usages—grew to be rather chieftains of Irish clans than guardians of Ireland for the Crown of England; and English settlers sank by degrees into the all-absorbing mass of the Celts around them. The results were apparent long before Bosworth closed the protracted strife between York and Lancaster. English rule had disappeared in five-sixths of Ireland: it was confined to the narrow strip of the Pale; and outside this lay the Celtic land, in a state of wild independence, under its native chiefs and what were called "the degenerate English barons." Within the Pale, however, the English colonists were a dominant and aggressive caste, that had not coalesced with the aboriginal race, and that maintained continual warfare with it. And thus, taking the island as a whole, there was no central and supreme authority: there was a conquering and a half-conquered people, for the time in a state of savage freedom, and each in different stages of social progress; there were two conflicting systems of law and usage, the one English, the other Celtic; and all that was best in the old Irish tribal life had been prevented from developing itself, and had gradually been checked and blighted. This condition of things was, so to speak, expressed in the ecclesiastical organisation of Plantagenet Ireland, which Dr. Joyce has almost failed to notice. A community of religion had not bridged over the feuds and divisions of the two races; there was a Church of the Pale and a Church of the Celts, and the two Churches were in continual discord as the two peoples were in a state of strife.

The Tudor monarchy arose in England, over the wrecks of the ancient feudal baronage, and became a strong government of despotic tendencies. The Tudor kings turned

towards Ireland, and tried to assert their power amidst the wild chaos of weak colonial rule and of Anglo-Norman and Celtic independence. The beginning appeared in the famous law of Poynings—the aversion of later Irish patriots—which placed the Conventions of the settlers of the Pale under the authority of the Royal English Council, and attempted to extinguish many usages, inconsistent, it was deemed, with public order. It deserves notice, however, that Henry VII., despairing for a moment of the task before him, tried the great experiment of Home Rule in Ireland. He handed the whole country over to the Geraldines of Kildare, and sought to govern settlers and Celts through them. This attempt, as might have been expected, failed; and Henry VIII. made a real effort to reduce Ireland to "peace and civility." Dr. Joyce has not at all done justice to the Irish policy of this great sovereign, the most statesmanlike of any English ruler. Henry insisted on strengthening the central government, and, as a pledge of his purpose, assumed the title of King of Ireland instead of Lord; and it would have been well if this wise resolve had been steadily followed by his successors. But Henry, in some measure a Celt himself, had a real sympathy with a Celtic people; and his general scheme for ruling Ireland was, for that age, most enlightened and able. He tried to make the old Anglo-Norman baronage, and the princes and chiefs of the Irish tribes and clans, pillars of his throne and mainstays of his power, by turning them into great peers; but, while he aimed at creating a loyal class of nobles, he carefully avoided forcing English laws on the Celtic community outside the Pale; and there is every reason to believe that he wished to keep its primitive organisation and customs intact. Nor is it true, as Dr. Joyce hints, that the Reformation he introduced into Ireland disturbed society, to any great extent; the Irish chiefs accepted the spoils of religious houses as readily as English nobles had done; and in his reign there was scarcely any strife of creed in Ireland. Two causes, however, baffled and marred the efforts of Henry's wise Irish policy: some of the Anglo-Norman nobles and many of the Irish chiefs rejected the offers made by the King, and broke out into wild rebellions; and the era of a struggle with the power of England began. The other cause was stronger and more disastrous. The Tudor deputies and soldiers at the Castle of Dublin and the heads of the colonists of the Pale marked out the rest of the island as their prey; the risings that took place against the rule of England led to confiscations on an immense scale; and the gradual advance of English power was expressed in spoliation, universal and ruthless, which made the prospect of peace and concord hopeless.

The wise Irish policy of Henry VIII. was interrupted even before his death. It was not even thought of by his successors; and the work of conquering Ireland by intermittent raids on the Celtic region beyond the Pale, accompanied with barbarous rapine, and the annihilation of the old tribal system, went on to the close of



the seventeenth century. Dr. Joyce has not traced the march of these events, or placed their sequence in full relief, with the firmness and clearness to be expected from him. Ireland was, doubtless, involved in the great crusade of the Catholic Powers against Elizabeth; and the Irish Celts more than once looked to Philip of Spain for armed support. Unquestionably, too, religion had its part in embittering the feud between two hostile races: the Anglican Church was forced on the Celts, and an attempt was made to convert them to the faith of the Tudors. But these were only minor causes of discord. The Irish clans and their leading men scarcely combined with the foreign enemies of England and her power; the Anglican Church was simply the Church of the Pale, extended, nominally, beyond its borders, and given a kind of Protestant aspect; and its clergy and doctrines had scarcely any influence in the lands of the Celt beyond Leinster. The conflict was essentially one of races: at the instigation chiefly of the colonists of the Pale, intent on schemes of rapine and greed, but partly, too, for its own safety, the English Monarchy tried to subdue the island, relying mainly on the Englishry and on weak armies sent out for the purpose; and the work of subjugation was carried out by the confiscation of the territories of the Irish chiefs, and of the degenerate Anglo-Norman nobles, by re-peopling them with great swarms of settlers, and by breaking up the old forms of Celtic society and establishing English law in the invaded districts. The Irish naturally rebelled against a conquest of this kind, and broke out into fierce but ill-concerted risings. A horrible period of trouble followed; and this was the real character of the protracted struggle, which, beginning with the spoliation of the great sept of O'Moore and O'Connor, under Mary Tudor, went on to the ruin of the princely House of Desmond, and ended with the fall of the Earl of Tyrone, the most illustrious Irishman of the seventeenth century.

Ireland was completely subjugated when Elizabeth died; and frightful as the long conflict had been, wise statesmanship might even yet have planted the germs of peace in the blood-strewn soil, and have gradually fused Saxon and Celt together. Unfortunately this was not to be. The mournful tale of Ireland's subsequent history will be treated by Dr. Joyce hereafter.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

*His Royal Highness Duke of Clarence and Avondale: a Memoir.* By James Edmund Vincent. (John Murray.)

WHEN death entered the royal home at Sandringham on the 14th of January, 1892, and carried off the young Duke of Clarence, the expression of national grief that was aroused was as sincere and spontaneous as it was universal. Sympathy with the bereaved parents and for the bride was, of course, deeply and widely felt; but in all classes there was also present a sense of personal loss, as distinct from the natural regret that would arise from the cutting short of any life of promise. The unreserve, which is a characteristic of the

age in which we live, had something to do with the creation of this feeling. The Prince had not lived many years, but those years had been spent in unrestrained intercourse with his fellow-men. The details of his life as a midshipman on board the *Bacchante* had been told by himself and his brother in artless fashion, while both at Cambridge and in his regiment all his doings were matters of common observation, if not of public chronicle. There was no wish for concealment nor occasion for it. Every page of Mr. Vincent's memoir bears testimony to this fact. It reveals the simplicity of the Prince's character and the blamelessness of his conduct. It shows him to have been—like all his family—a man of courage (though not physically strong), singularly docile, strongly imbued with a sense of duty, and, above all, extremely affectionate. With these qualifications he might, if such had been his destiny, have proved a worthy sovereign and endeared himself to his people. But it is unfortunately true that the greatest monarchs have not been those in whom the domestic virtues were most conspicuous; and it would be mere flattery to say that Prince Edward was likely to have become in any sense a leader of men, fitted to stem the rising tide of democracy or to detect and control political intrigue. It must be enough to believe that, from the goodness of his heart and the gentleness of his disposition, he would have been personally beloved, and would not have failed through any lack of desire to succeed.

Mr. Vincent seems to have done his delicate task with good taste and judgment. He owns that, as he made progress in it, his respect and admiration for the subject of his pen was ever increasing. Still, he stops short of anything like hero-worship, and tells the simple annals of the Prince's life without very much exaggeration of their importance. We do not doubt that there are many loyal subjects who will delight to learn (from the authoritative lips of the nurse) that "the Princess of Wales was in her glory if she could find time to run up into the nursery, put on a flannel apron, wash the children, and see them asleep in their little beds"; and they will be pleased to find that mothers and children are much the same in every rank, and that princes are not born with any greater wisdom or goodness than babes of no importance, and have no special immunity from childish ailments and childish faults. The influence which Canon Dalton had upon the Prince throughout his brief life is clearly seen, and without his assistance the memoir could scarcely have been written; but what will attract most attention in it are the letters from the Prince to the college friend—most happily chosen for him—whom he addresses as "My dear Harry." In any future collection of Royal letters they should have a place, not for their wit or brilliance or literary style, but for their unaffected simplicity of language and sentiment.

Mr. Vincent tells us that his book was compiled under the express authority of the Prince of Wales, and we must therefore conclude that in his Royal Highness's

opinion some good purpose would be subserved by its publication. With all loyalty, we feel ourselves unable to share this opinion; and, to speak candidly, we think that at least half the published memoirs would be unwritten if only the subjects of them could have their wishes consulted. The record of the brief life of a blameless prince can, it is true, raise no ill-feeling; but what it records is, if judged by ordinary standards, decidedly trivial.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

*The Posthumous Works of Thomas de Quincey.*

Edited from the author's MSS., with Introductions and Notes. By Alexander H. Japp. Vol. II. (Heinemann.)

IN one respect this volume differs from its predecessor. Both contain a certain amount of matter interesting to lovers of literature as such, and a certain amount of other matter calculated to appeal only to that smaller circle of De Quinceyites who, while they love the universally admitted excellences of their favourite author, have a still tenderer affection for his idiosyncrasies, elsewhere unrecognised as excellent or stigmatised as the reverse—a love of personal and undisputed possession like that felt by Lamb for his incomparable Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. In the earlier volume, matter of the former kind largely preponderated, and the merely idiosyncratic work occupied comparatively few of the pages. Here the proportions are reversed; and though there are several entire papers and portions of papers which will appeal to the "great reading public," the volume as a whole is one for the connoisseur, the De Quincey-fancier or devotee.

And this observation applies not merely to the literary manner of these papers—noticeably idiosyncratic as it often is—but also to their matter, which is largely of a supplementary character. Thus, the articles on "Mr. Finlay's *History of Greece*," on "The Assassination of Caesar," on "Cicero," on "Memorial Chronology," and the paper entitled "Chrysomania; or the Gold Frenzy at its Present Stage," deal, either in the way of addition or rehandling, with themes not inadequately treated in the sixteen volumes of the collected works. And therefore, though there is doubtless much in the recovered papers that is really new and fresh, the apparent staleness of the theme is likely—at any rate, in some cases—to dull the sharpness of the edge of appetite. With the exception of the essay on Mr. Finlay's standard work—which, as Dr. Japp points out, is in every way different from the previously published article—the papers on literary subjects are of more weight and interest than their companion pieces, which are, for the most part, comparatively slight and fragmentary. The most interesting of them all is undoubtedly the paper on "Conversation and S. T. Coleridge," to which the editor, with his usual happy instinct for the fitting, has given the place of honour both in the volume and on the second title page. Prefixed to it is a brief invocation to the name of Coleridge, which was found attached to one of the sheets of the MS., and which is perhaps more

characteristic than anything else in the volume of the De Quincey who really dominates our imagination—the De Quincey of the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, and the *Suspiria de Profundis*.

"Oh, name of Coleridge, that hast mixed so much with the trepidations of our own agitated life, mixed with the beatings of our love, our gratitude, our trembling hope: name destined to move so much of reverential sympathy, and so much of ennobling strife in the generations yet to come, of our England at home, of our other Englands on the St. Lawrence, on the Mississippi, on the Indus and Ganges, and on the pastoral solitudes of Austral climes."

This is the De Quinceyan grand manner; and there is something dizzying in the sudden drop from its stateliness of invocation to the long-drawn ineffective garrulity, with its far-fetched fatuities of that something which De Quincey mistook for humour, of the opening pages of the paper which it introduces. It was certainly not of those opening pages that I was thinking when I spoke of this essay as the most interesting of Dr. Japp's latest gleanings. And, indeed, the ordinary reader, as distinguished from the connoisseur, will lose nothing by languidly turning over the leaves until he sees that De Quincey has finished his disquisition of conversation in general, and the conversation of Coleridge in particular, and has begun to talk of Coleridge himself. Of course, here again the theme is a familiar one, but then it is a theme of almost inexhaustible interest; and the essay is not a re-handling of previously used material, but an addition to it of real and permanent value, which may, as Dr. Japp suggests, "be accepted as De Quincey's supplementary and final deliverance upon Coleridge." Save for half a dozen immortal passages which haunt every memory, I doubt whether De Quincey has written anything more unfaltering, more sustained, more fully informed with that rapt eloquence of his, in which imagination frees rhetoric from the merely rhetorical taint, than the passage, unfortunately too long for quotation, which will be found on pp. 34-6. The recovery from oblivion of this one passage would in itself suffice to justify Dr. Japp's labour of love. But, apart from its literary charm, the essay has a distinct value in the emphasis laid upon a fact, the significance of which has been largely missed by most of the writers upon Coleridge's life—the fatefully disastrous effect of the death of his father and the subsequent separation from his mother by his removal from Devonshire to London. Dr. Japp himself, in a most interesting note, proves that Coleridge himself was fully alive to the unfortunate results; but others have hardly given sufficient weight to this early misfortune as a really dominant factor in the poet's life.

I have already said that this volume is, in general interest, inferior to its predecessor; and, indeed, two or three of the papers seem altogether unworthy of preservation. De Quincey is, however, a writer of surprises—one never knows where his good things may come; and, therefore, Dr. Japp may be wise in giving us everything, so making it certain that we shall miss nothing.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

*Mediaeval Records and Sonnets.* By Aubrey De Vere. (Macmillans.)

THIS book is intended to be a partial fulfilment of a high design. The *Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire* "tracked its theme only through the transition time ending with Charlemagne"; the poet wished "to add to that earlier series a second part illustrating the middle ages" (Pref., p. 7). But the strain of a political crisis has been found unfavourable to the completion of that design, and the poet calls these poems "fragments"—relatively, that is, to his original intention of poeticising the middle ages; for the individual poems here are complete enough.

If I were to endeavour to express the merit of these poems by one epithet, I should certainly select "high-minded." What appears to me their defect would be less easily defined: perhaps "didactic" comes nearest to it. The poems are pervaded with an ardent sense of Catholicism. And while, on the one hand, the romantic aspects of the Cid, of Joan of Arc, of St. Francis, of Columbus, are powerfully presented, so, on the other, the outside reader feels a little flooded with theological assumptions: he does not readily accept, as undeniable, that "the middle ages were cheerful ages," nor that the Crusader's banner was unsoiled, nor that the Catholic star always shone white, not red.

But, after all, the sincerity, of which these poems are full, is the main thing; and I only speak of their theological bearing because I think that, in some measure, it affects their style. The four "Legends of the Cid," with which the book begins, seem to me to suffer, as blank verse, from too much moralising. Something of Wordsworth's irresistible craving to sermonise makes the noble incidents of the story look hazy. I think we could all see the dead Cid riding into battle upon Baviaca, "with awful, open eyes," better for not being reminded immediately that the chronicler was

"Writing for men who inwardly believed  
God made the world, and rules it."

But the simple narrative of Ximena's end would atone for worse platitudes than that—

"Long nights she knelt  
In prayer beside her lord, lest aught ill-done  
Or left undone might bar him from God's vision,  
Though restful with those saints who wait God's  
time  
In that high paradise of Purgatory  
Sung by the Tuscan, where Eunoe flows  
And Lethe, and Matilda gathers flowers:  
Four years fulfilled, in peace and joy she died."

Of the succeeding poems, that entitled "St. Francis and Perfect Joy," is, I think, the most fascinating. There is a touch of the divine humour of St. Francis in puzzling his faithful comrade, "Leone, little lamb of Christ" (the very address is humorous!), with more and more negations of Perfect Joy, and finally giving the simple, all-too-probable solution. It is useless to quote a fragment of this poem, for its charm resides in its completeness. The oft-told tale of Joan of Arc is told, once again, in blank verse (pp. 121-152). It is, I think, the least attractive piece of work in the book: it verges on the wearisome, though not with-

out strong passages—e.g., the interview (p. 145) between Beaufort and Beauvais:

"Beauvais made answer low: 'Lord Cardinal,  
A king's son, you, and walk the world un-  
questioned;  
There's not one street in Rouen I could tread  
If I released that maid!' The Cardinal next  
With thin lip curled, 'The better for Barab-  
bas!'"

The following poem, "The Higher Purgatory," is admirably expressed; but its ideas, as the prefatory note points out, are already familiar to those who have read "The Dream of Gerontius." The two poems, "Columbus and the Sea-Portent" and "Columbus at Seville," are excellent, especially the latter. For all his enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, the poet is not blind to the greater incidents of modern times. Here is Columbus' vision of atonement for the oppression of his well-loved Indians by the Spaniard:

"Asia is dead: Europe survives awhile:  
What if ere centuries five her crown should  
fall?  
Sad Western Land, so long without a name—  
Mine be it never, I am all unworthy—  
What if thy pangs presage some lordlier birth  
Than Earth has witnessed yet? Thy destined  
Race,  
When that which now laments hath passed to  
glory,  
That Race shall be a nobler Race than Spain's,  
A Race that rivets not the bond, but breaks it,  
A race the children of some land which now  
Names that the Sunset World! It little knows  
The sunrise of the Future is with thee  
Though thunder-showers whose rain was rain  
of blood  
Were its sad omen!"

Nor is the same power absent from "The Death of Copernicus"—a poem whose pathetic undertone is more attractive than its ingenious scientific and theological argument. But I think that the third sonnet, on Tennyson's death (p. 258), will perhaps touch more hearts than anything else in the book. Am I wrong in thinking it has already appeared in print?

"None sang of love more nobly; few as well;  
Of friendship none with pathos so profound;  
Of duty sternliest proved when myrtle-crowned;  
Of English grove and rivulet, mead and dell;  
Great Arthur's legend he alone dared tell;  
Milton and Dryden feared to tread that ground;  
For him alone o'er Camelot's faery bound  
The 'horns of Elf-land' blew their magic  
spell.  
Since Shakespeare and since Wordsworth none  
hath sung  
So well his England's greatness; none hath  
given  
Reproof more fearless or advice more sage;  
None inlier taught how near to earth is heaven;  
With what vast concords Nature's harp is strung;  
How base false pride; faction's fanatic rage."

Mr. Aubrey De Vere has striven hard in this book to show that all Christians have loved one another: he has certainly shown us that some poets do.

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

*Pagan Papers.* By Kenneth Grahame. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane.)

"It is indeed," said Dr. Johnson, "not easy to distinguish affectation from habit"; and the pages of Mr. Kenneth Grahame are full of quaint affectations that never offend, so naturally do they fall from his pen. It were difficult to find another book of the same size—some 160 pages in all—



better stocked with pithy, even memorable, sayings. Rarely does one meet with an author whose wit is so apt, whose touches of sentiment are so genuine. Although most of these essays have appeared in a weekly paper, they smack not at all of journalism. Their literary merit is of a more permanent sort. A certain unity of thought runs through them all, causing the volume to form a perfect whole: an unusual quality in such collections. Many of Mr. Grahame's subjects have done duty for countless essayists before him; it is his delightful individuality that adds a new charm to the familiar. His paper on tobacco is good reading, though one remembers Calverly and the Arcadian mixture; the eulogy on the loafer ranks second only to Mr. Stevenson's praise of the idler. There is, too, a distinct flavour of poetry in much of Mr. Grahame's work: one could have wished "White Poppies" had been written in verse, were not the prose of it so delicate and adequate.

But, excellent as the various papers are that form the larger half of the volume, fully as they deserved to be rescued from the oblivion that shrouds last month's journals, the six sketches grouped together under the title "The Golden Age" are the gem of the collection. One is almost tempted to declare that child life has never before been so happily described. They have the same merit, a merit generally to seek, yet absolutely essential to success in this class of work, that was so noticeable a feature in *A Chronicle of Small Beer*. The author is simply a recorder: he writes down the facts and the child's views about the facts, but in his own person comments not at all. The great fault in most tales of childhood and school life is that the author will not allow his boys and girls to speak and think for themselves, but continually forces his own thoughts and commentaries on the reader, thereby spoiling the illusion.

It is difficult to make choice of a favourite where all are so good; but for humour perhaps "A Whitewashed Uncle" is the best. The review of the various uncles who have been tried and found wanting is irresistibly funny; and the story of how the verdict of disapproval unhesitatingly passed on "Uncle William, who had just returned from India," is suddenly upset by the present of four half-crowns, is infinitely diverting:

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Edward, the master-mind, rising, as he always did, to the situation, "we'll christen the piebald pig after him—the one that hasn't got a name yet. And that'll show we're sorry for our mistake."

"I, I christened the pig this morning," Harold guiltily confessed; "I christened it after the curate. I'm very sorry—but he came and bowled to me last night, after you others had been sent to bed early—and somehow I feel I had to do it."

"Oh, but that doesn't count," said Edward hastily; "because we weren't all there. We'll take that christening off, and call it Uncle William. And you can save up the curate for the next litter."

It would be unfair to quote further, though the new setting of the legend of "The Sleeping Beauty" tempts strongly: indeed, the volume is so tiny a one, it is

wrong to quote from it at all. But every page contains something worth quoting, as those who read these papers—for their own sakes may they be many—will quickly discover.

In outward form the book is all it should be, realising Charles Lamb's desideratum, in that it is "strong backed and neat bound."

PERCY ADDLESHAW.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Barabbas*. By Marie Corelli. In 3 vols. (Methuen.)

*A Life Awry*. By Percival Pickering. In 3 vols. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)

*A Woman of Forty*. By Esmè Stuart. In 3 vols. (Methuen.)

*Claudea's Island*. By Esmè Stuart. (Sampson Low.)

*Paving the Way*. By Simpson Newland. (Gay & Bird.)

*Hartmann the Anarchist*. By E. Douglas Fawcett. (Edward Arnold.)

*Beyond the Bustle*. By Jenner Tayler. (Sampson Low.)

*Mauryeen the Outcast*. By Ineco Novo. (Digby, Long & Co.)

*In a North Country Village*. By M. E. Francis. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

MISS MARIE CORELLI has now been before the world for several years, and has earned a position which should enable her to bear with equanimity the occasional unkindness and captiousness of critics. Indeed, beyond repeating the view we have always held, that her works are not likely to obtain any permanent place in literature, or any greater success than may be implied by the existence of a large demand for them on the part of the class of persons who are always eager to see and to hear some new thing, there is no reason why we should not do full justice to the picturesque fancy and fertile imagination of this author. Miss Corelli is a word-painter of more than ordinary exuberance, and she is certainly remarkable in her choice of themes. In *Barabbas* it has been her pleasure to describe for us the Crucifixion and Resurrection, interweaving with her narrative some romantic episodes in the shape of a love-story. Upon the discretion exhibited in stepping in where most novelists would assuredly have feared to tread, there is, fortunately, no need to express an opinion; with regard to the management of her story, it is enough to say that the author has cleverly contrived to steer clear of any such violation of good taste as might conceivably have been created by the introduction of lighter themes in a narrative so solemn. *Barabbas*, the condemned murderer, entertains a passion for Judith Iscariot, sister of Judas, a woman of great beauty, but of frivolous character, who has long been secretly mistress of Caiaphas, the High Priest. His discovery of her worthlessness, and the steps whereby both he and she become converted to a belief in the divine mission of Christ, form the chief portions of

such part of the story as is not occupied with actual descriptions of our Lord's condemnation, death, and resurrection. It must be admitted that the writer has, with one or two exceptions, consistently adhered to the Scriptural account, only borrowing here and there from tradition and the Apocryphal Gospels. But a work so ambitious must necessarily provoke criticism at almost every turn. It is a little startling, for instance, to be told that Christ's figure suggested "such mighty muscular force as would have befitted a Hercules." Surely Renan's view is far more probable, which attributes to the Saviour a slender physique, as shown by His breaking down under the weight of the Cross, and by the fact of His death taking place before that of the two thieves. Nor can one help being a little impatient with an author who persistently has recourse to extravagant flights of fancy in recording the simplest incidents. We are told by the Evangelist that Pilate "took water and washed his hands." How is this description improved by saying that "slowly lowering his hands he dipped them in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against fire?" Here, as elsewhere, Miss Corelli has deliberately placed herself in competition with the severe simplicity and dignity of the Bible narrative. Whether her attempt to paint the lily is successful is a question which we leave her readers to decide for themselves.

From a new firm of publishers comes *A Life Awry*, a romance of a decidedly sentimental order, consisting in great measure of a neat series of essays on social problems, and more particularly on the mutual relations of man and woman. These essays are placed in the mouths of speakers who deliver them in compact, cut-and-dried form, at alarmingly frequent intervals. When will English novelists learn to recognise the fact that ponderous dialogue of this sort is neither natural nor entertaining? The plot is slight enough. Hugh, nephew and heir of Sir Edward Lilcot, returning home after several years' absence, finds that his cousin Judith, the playmate of his early years, is a deformed cripple, owing to an accident in the hunting field. Thereupon he transfers his affections to Aline Graham, Judith's companion, but breaks off his engagement with her upon discovering that she has concealed from him the fact of her being his illegitimate cousin. However, the estrangement is healed; and Judith, who has been left forlorn, considerably drowns herself, in order to secure the uninterrupted happiness and prosperity of the betrothed couple. The author's name is apparently a masculine one, but the hand is the hand of a woman.

Why *A Woman of Forty* should be further described as a "monograph" it is difficult to understand. The book is a novel of the ordinary kind, and of rather more than ordinary merit. Magdalen Cuthbert, the "woman of forty" is a well-drawn central figure, and in many ways a striking portrait. She is well supported by Frank Milton, R.A., and his wife, Lady Mary Milton. The

author writes with considerable skill, and these three volumes are well worth reading.

Another novel by the same hand and exhibiting the same general features is *Claudea's Island*. The point which chiefly strikes one, after perusing the two books, is the want of versatility in the construction of their plots. In *A Woman of Forty* the hero, Brice Leslie, after engaging himself to Griselda Foy, a young New Zealand girl, falls a victim to the enchantments of Magdalen Cuthbert, and things do not right themselves until the latter's death. In the present novel we have much the same sort of story over again. Herbert Ravenscroft, whose engagement with the Hon. Georgina Ashton has only just been broken off, becomes enamoured of a village maiden, and is only saved from a *mésalliance* by the reappearance of the Hon. Georgina upon the scene, followed by the death of the rustic beauty. In spite of this, however, *Claudea's Island* is a pretty little story. It circles mainly about a sea-coast child of nature, who combines the gift of discerning sermons in stones, messages in the whisper of the winds, and a generally romantic appreciation of nature, with plenty of practical common sense. Her admirer is a local Methodist preacher; but when the artist-poet, Herbert Ravenscroft, comes upon the scene, the current of her being flows, as might have been expected, in his direction. The details of the story are worked out with a good deal of dramatic vigour.

*Paving the Way* is a story of early Australian enterprise, before gold was yet discovered, and when aboriginal blacks, bush-rangers, and escaped convicts or ticket-of-leave men from Van Dieman's Land—as it was then called—interfered in various ways with the peace of settlers. Mr. Newland's narrative is rather long, and probably a number of readers will be dissatisfied both with the character of Roland Grantley, the hero, and with the final turn of events; but as the author claims for his tale a foundation in real fact, his discretion upon these points must have been limited. Apparently, much intimate knowledge of the country and its early settlers is displayed; and, in spite of the tedious length of the book, there is a good deal in it that will be found entertaining.

Whatever results may ultimately follow the discovery of a practicable aerial machine, it is certain that the inventors will possess tremendous opportunities for good or evil as long as they can keep the secret. In *Hartmann the Anarchist* we have a fanciful picture of the havoc which might be created if the party who propose to regenerate society by means of dynamite were the first to solve the problem. The year 1920 A.D. is the date assigned to the story; and one Stanley, a gentleman of socialistic tendencies and a candidate for parliamentary honours, is taken up into Hartmann's "aeronef," *The Attila*, and is an unwilling witness of the demolition of the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, and a vast portion of the streets and squares of London, by the discharge of bombs, blazing petroleum, and other engines of destruction. The book is abundantly illustrated.

When a reviewer is compelled to admit that he has enjoyed several hearty laughs over a book, it may be taken for granted that there are others who will find it amusing too. Not that the fun of *Beyond the Bustle* is apparent from the outset, or will be appreciated by everybody. It takes us some time to get intimately acquainted with Mr. Horace Poltimore, aged forty-five, and Mr. Paul More, aged twenty-seven, who agree to share a hut together for twelve months in a wild spot on the sea-coast near Cape Town, "in order to minister to the cause of art, science, and literature"; but when known they are delightfully amusing. Mr. Jenner Tayler's work thoroughly merits commendation as being entirely original in design, and filled with humour of the driest and drollest kind.

Indifferently printed, weak in expression, faulty in grammar, and atrocious in spelling is *Mauryeen*, a title borrowed from a leading character of the story, who, however, is as often as not called Mauryeen. Divested of a superfluity of padding and extraneous episodes, the tale is about the secret marriage of Captain Oswald Lafere, heir to a large Irish estate, with Hatty, daughter of Terence O'Neill, a resident on the estate, and his subsequent trial for her supposed murder. Terence O'Neill, though a great personal friend of Oswald Lafere, has refused to consent to Hatty's marriage with him, from what motive it is difficult to understand; nor is there any reason why Lafere, upon succeeding to the property, should not have openly acknowledged his wife, as he was in honour bound to do. To the very last page of the book Hatty Lafere is called Hatty O'Neill. There are many other extraordinary blunders.

A collection of slight stories under the general title of *In a North Country Village* is charmingly written. *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*: and there are not many writers who could be trusted to make a dozen tales out of various aspects of village life in such a way as to arouse a reader's interest, and allure him to the end of the volume. Mrs. Francis has been completely successful, however, in her effort. No doubt the secret of her charm lies in the entire sympathy she displays with the manners and lives of the humble people she is describing.

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Biblia Innocentium*. By J. W. Mackail. (Reeves & Turner.) There must be much of interest to the critic and the general reader in "the story of God's chosen people before the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth, written anew for children by J. W. Mackail, sometime fellow of Balliol College, Oxford." The general reader is continually in search of some satisfactory selection or version of the Old Testament to give to his children, but as yet no "child's Bible" has appeared which can claim to have pleased a large public. The critic on the other hand is aware of the difficulty or, perhaps, impossibility of the task, and delights to watch the efforts made to cope with it. When the task is attempted by a

notable scholar, "sometime fellow of Balliol," the result, whether a success or a failure, is unusually interesting. From one point of view we can at once pronounce Mr. Mackail's effort successful. He has an infallible ear for the essential words and phrases of the Old Testament narrative; he picks out at once the characteristic sentences of each chapter and knits them together in a style which is both simple and dignified. The refined scholarship and delicate sensibility to style for which Mr. Mackail is distinguished are obvious in every chapter of *Biblia Innocentium*. The book will certainly delight the scholar. But will it delight the child? On this point we have our misgivings. The book very soon tires the reader. It would be unfair to say that it reads like a summary, but it has somewhat the effect of a summary upon us when we read it. Now we suspect that the ideal *Biblia Innocentium* ought to expand rather than compress. We suspect too that in reading the story of Joseph a child does not appreciate the exquisite style and language of the authorised version, but merely the directness and interest of the tale. Just what Mr. Mackail most successfully retains, the child does not feel to be essential or wonderful. The more leisurely pace as well as the more varied movement of the stories according to the Authorised Version give that version an advantage over Mr. Mackail's rendering. Of course much depends upon the age of the child. What will please a girl of six will not please a boy of twelve. Mr. Mackail's book is adapted rather for the boy of twelve; and if it is not the ideal *Biblia Innocentium*, it is at least a gallant attempt towards its realisation. Mr. Mackail's translation of the *Aeneid*, and his delightful book on the Greek Anthology are such works as we look for from a "sometime fellow of Balliol College"; the *Biblia Innocentium* comes as a surprise, and yet when we read it we find that it is not a new departure. Its excellencies are those we are familiar with in Mr. Mackail's work; its weakness was probably inevitable.

*A King's Hussar*: being the Military Memoirs for Twenty-five Years of a Troop-Sergeant-Major of the 14th (King's) Hussars. Collected and condensed by Herbert Compton. (Cassells.) This is a book of good faith, which does credit to its author, and to its editor as well. It nowhere reflects the monotony of barrack-room life, nor the excitement and hardships of warfare; for our soldier only saw service in the abortive Transvaal War. But it does describe, with much vividness, the personal history of a long-service trooper: his early days as a recruit, the protracted march from Hounslow to Edinburgh, the strange experiences of keeping the peace during election riots and Fenian scares in Ireland, the comparative luxury of Indian cantonments, and the final tranquillity of a cavalry depot at home. The whole is diversified by good stories, excellently told. On the one hand, there is no attempt to disguise the soldier's weakness for boisterous larking, for drink, and—we regret to add—for pilfering, provided that it be not from a comrade. On the other hand, the sergeant-major dwells with more emphasis upon the honour of serving the Queen, and upon the opportunities for winning both credit and emolument. He himself retired with a pension of upwards of £40 (which would have been appreciably larger except for an unlucky accident), and with several hundred pounds in the savings' bank besides. Any young fellow who has a love for the life and sufficient self-control may easily rise to the same position, with a chance of yet more stirring adventures. We are sure that the author will agree that we are putting his book to the best use, when we say that we are going to present it to a recruit in the — Hussars, who is just now under-



going the initial discomforts of the riding school at Canterbury.

*Our Ocean Railways.* By A. Fraser-Macdonald. (Chapman & Hall.) The rise, progress, and development of river and ocean steam navigation was a story well worth writing, and Mr. Fraser-Macdonald's work is, on the whole, well done. That the first half of the book should be the more entertaining was natural enough, for there is a something of romance even in the first voyage of the *Margery* from Wapping Old Stairs to Gravesend that does not follow in the wake of the quickest Cunarder. There were numerous adventures on the high seas, too, in the early days that deserve commemorating. We read how "the proud monument of Yankee skill," the *Savannah*, was chased on her first Atlantic cruise by a King's cutter that fired "several shots," deeming her to be on fire and in need of aid, an experience, it seems, that greatly delighted her intrepid skipper, but would, probably, irritate not a little his descendants. The stories of the great lines—in the case of the P. & O. and Cunard, full of surprise and adventure—are energetically and sufficiently told. Nor has Mr. Fraser-Macdonald forgotten the prosaic and practical questions that confront both ship-owners and ship-engineers. The diagrams and explanations of the various engines, paddle wheels, screws, that have been, or now are, in use, are excellent; while the financial problems involved by changes, coal consumption, and canal dues are not ignored. The volume also contains some capital maps and charts. Unfortunately, we cannot unreservedly praise the illustrations. Some of them have considerable merit and historical value, but others, as, for example, the sketches of saloons, drawing-rooms, &c., savour of advertisement. This is a pity, because *Our Ocean Railways*, despite its title, is a genuine book, and deserves to be popular.

*Ivanda: or, the Pilgrim's Quest.* By Captain Claude Bray. (Frederick Warne.) We well remember having read and praised *Randall Davenant*; but we do not care for this second Eastern story by the same author. On the former occasion, he laid his scene in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Mahratta power was at its height; and he narrated, with due regard to historic truth, the adventures that a young Wykehamist might easily have experienced at native courts. Now, he has gone to Tibet, the one region of the world still closed to European travellers, and therefore a legitimate field for romantic fiction. We are prepared to receive any news from Tibet, except just what Captain Claude Bray has brought back: that it is a refuge for the kidnappers and swindlers of England. And, surely, if these gentry were to hide themselves in a happy valley behind the Himalaya, the very last mode of life they would adopt is that of meditation in a Buddhist convent. Apart from this general objection, the subordinate episodes seem to us rather clumsily introduced. The conduct of the chief villain, Colquhoun alias Clutterbuck, is full of inconsistencies which are never explained; the part of Ivanda herself is a very weak one; and the final catastrophe of an explosion has already been made familiar to us by Prof. Murray in his *Desert of Gobi*. The hero is a good enough character, clearly drawn and well sustained. Captain Bray would do better next time, if he chose a simpler plot and avoided sensational incidents.

*A Book of Thoughts.* By Mary B. Curry. (Fisher Unwin.) Mrs. Curry is a daughter of the late Mr. John Bright. Her little book, she tells us, is "the outcome of two distinct lines of thought." Her first intention was to compile a book for daily reading, with a suggestive passage for each day. Afterwards

it occurred to her that it would be a pleasure to preserve some record of the "passages of prose and poetry peculiarly associated with her father's memory." For this reason she has given her book a sub-title, "Linked with Memories of John Bright." She also informs us that some of the extracts are taken from books marked by her "father's own hand." It is much to be regretted that Mrs. Curry did not confine herself to passages either marked by her illustrious father or such as "were to him a constant source of mental and spiritual refreshment." Such a collection would be a real addition to the literature of our country, and we hope that it may yet be made before the disposal of John Bright's library. With this reservation, we can recommend the little volume before us as a Christmas gift book. Simplicity of thought and language pervades every page. As we are in ignorance as to which are John Bright's own extracts and which his daughter's, we offer no criticism on the extracts themselves. It is, however, interesting to find that, while there are fourteen quotations from the poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris, there are only two from Shakspeare and four from Tennyson. Mrs. Browning scores a tie with Mr. Lewis Morris, and James Russell Lowell beats him by one extract. The omissions are also noteworthy. There are no extracts from Bacon, Dryden, Pope, Burke, Byron, Scott, Keats, or Shelley. The great poet of Puritanism is adequately represented; but, saving two extracts from Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney, there are none from the contemporaries of Shakspeare.

*Well Begun.* Notes for those who have to make their Way in the World. By Joseph Parker. (Nisbet.) This singular religious and commercial medley might well be termed a *Manual of Middle-class Morality*. It enforces truth, indeed, from the highest motives, but supports it by aphorisms of business and the philosophy of those who wish to get on in life. The "Ten Religious Commandments for Men of Business," together with "The Commercial Decalogue," are of questionable taste in their affectation of smartness. The author's short autobiography at the beginning of the book smacks of the pride that apes humility; while his language on the Duke of Westminster, because his Grace's liberality does not flow in the channels dear to Dr. Parker—"Will the Duke kindly hand over his wealth to some poor man and take in exchange the poor man's poverty?"—and the like, merits even stronger reprobation. The absence of light and sweetness among this volume of platitudes is marked. It is a bold venture thus to characterise Dr. Parker's book, seeing the awful fate which he tells befell one who with great profession of religion "attempted from time to time even to criticise the ministrations of his pastor." The most satisfactory portion of the volume consists of sixteen pages of quotations from Law's *Serious Call*.

*Platonics: a Study.* By Ethel M. Arnold. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.) This is a short and a simple story; but it is not exactly slight, for it is well thought out, and the characters are well drawn. It should be a warning to all young people who are inclined to take up with "Platonics," or esoteric Buddhism, or any other theory, which, however sublime in itself, leaves out of consideration the important factor of human love. Susan Dormer went on contentedly, it may be happily, on the road towards self-annihilation, until, just when she was almost believing that she was reaching the point when absorption in the World Soul was possible to her, and greatly to be desired, she found that she was in love with Ronald Gordon. She refuses him "on principle," and discovers too late that the

principle is mistaken. Soon another young lady, without any inconvenient theories, supplants her in her lover's affections, which, as far as she was concerned, were quite "Platonic"; and so she is left without either lover or philosophy, and has nothing to do but die, which she does in a manner very creditable to herself, and not too soon to spoil the honeymoon of her friends.

*A Romance of Skye.* By Maggie Maclean. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) This is a story of the last century touching on Flora Macdonald and Prince Charlie. It is set in the atmosphere of Ossian's Poems, which gives it an unreal air to the present generation. The book contains a good deal of local colour; and there may be persons who like to read about "the far-away wail of the coronach," or "dark, dark, yet beautiful, was the pure gold passion of his love." If so, this *Romance of Skye* can be heartily commended to them.

*A Little Handful.* By Harriet J. Scripps. (Blackie.) Willie is one of those restless, fidgetty boys who are the plague of all their relations and friends. They are bad enough in real life, but in fiction they are simply intolerable. Of course there are exceptions; some are very amusing, and some, in spite of all their "audaciousness," have endearing qualities; but Willie, so far as his history is related in this volume, has few redeeming features. But he is very young and full of life, and not ill-natured; so that possibly he may be an instance of splendid "raw material," and turn out well in the end. Let us hope he will; but we cannot say that we are much interested in his future career, nor in that of any other of the characters in this rather commonplace story.

*A Storm and a Teapot.* By Frances H. Wood. (S.P.C.K.) An excellent Christmas Eve story. The plot is ingenious and exciting, the characters are lifelike, and the moral is admirable and not too persistently intruded. Many books twice the length have not half the incident and variety of this little tract. The author should attempt something more elaborate.

*The Squatter's Home.* By Marianne Filleul. (S.P.C.K.) Although this story is terribly moral and proper, it is yet readable, from a knack the author has of telling a tale in a natural and simple style. The hero is a born Sunday-school teacher, and his conversation always presupposes a Sunday-school audience; but he is good-natured and well-intentioned, and doubtless would receive good-humouredly the tricks the normal boy would play upon him. The best thing we can say of the book is that, to our great astonishment, we have read it through.

*All About a Five-Pound Note.* Hope Carlyon. (S.P.C.K.) The heroine of the five-pound note actually steals it, and actually gets three months for her folly, and therefore the tale is much more sensible and improving than the more orthodox story in which the heroine is falsely suspected of stealing the note. It is admirable that the S.P.C.K. should proclaim that stealers of five-pound notes are not so bad as society supposes.

*Elizabeth Stuart.* By W. E. Windus. (Freshwater, I.W.: Gubbins.) A prettily bound little volume, which though a mere dramatic sketch, as the author calls it, is not wanting in ability. The subject is pathetic, being the death of Princess Elizabeth, Charles I.'s young daughter, in Carisbrooke Castle. She was found dead one morning with her cheek resting on an open Bible, the gift of her father, at the verse "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The story, though sad, does not admit of much dramatic treatment; and of plot there is next to none.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish, in February, four volumes containing a selected list of upwards of 14,000 MS. letters from the Bengal archives, edited by Sir William Wilson Hunter. In an historical introduction, the editor shows, from contemporary documents, the exact status of the Bengal landholders, and the conditions under which landed property was held in the second half of the last century. A very full analytical index, both of subjects and official districts, concludes the book, giving a general view of the rural system in Bengal from 1782 to 1807. The work, which was begun many years ago, endeavours to place in clear chronological sequence the development of the district administration from ten years before the Permanent Settlement (1793) to fifteen years after it.

MR. GEORGE SETON, author of *The Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland*, and of various works on family history, is about to issue, in a very limited and richly illustrated edition, a History of the Family of Seton during Eight Centuries. Mr. Seton has been engaged in collecting material for this work during many years past; and, considering the important part played by various members of the house in the history of Scotland, the book cannot fail to be an interesting one. Those desiring further particulars, should apply to Mr. G. P. Johnston, 33, George-street, Edinburgh.

THE council of the Royal Geographical Society have undertaken the publication of a grand Atlas of Scotland, consisting of sixty-two plates of maps and plans, together with descriptive letterpress. The basis of the topographical section, in forty-five maps, is of course the Ordnance Survey, reduced to a uniform scale of half an inch to the mile; but, wherever the Ordnance Survey has already become out of date, local authorities have been consulted for the insertion of new roads, hamlets, inns, &c. This section has been entrusted to Mr. John Bartholomew; geology, to Sir Archibald Geikie; physiography, to Prof. J. Geikie; meteorology, to Dr. Alexander Buchan; and natural history to Mr. J. A. Harvie-Brown, who is responsible for two maps showing faunal areas and deer forests and salmon rivers. Permission has been obtained to dedicate the work to the Queen. Only a limited edition will be printed, and it is hoped that it will be ready for issue to subscribers early in June, 1894.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE will shortly issue a *System of Lucid Shorthand* by the late W. G. Spencer, which has for many years remained unpublished. In a prefatory note, his son, Mr. Herbert Spencer, expresses the "conviction, long since formed and still unshaken, that the Lucid Shorthand ought to replace ordinary writing."

*George Chapman: A Narrative of a Devoted Life*, is the title of a memorial biography of the late vicar of the Church of Annunciation, Brighton, which will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. immediately. The Rev. Alfred Gurney, vicar of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, contributes a preface; and the volume will also contain a portrait and other illustrations.

THE Rev. C. M. Manson will publish in a few days, through Mr. Elliot Stock, *The Psalms at Work*: being the English Psalter, with a few short notes about the use of the Psalms.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will publish next year an English adaptation, by Miss Franks, of Hanschmann's *Friedrich Froebel*, which supplies an account of the

development of his educational ideas in his life.

A CERTAIN Dr. O. W. Owen has gone one better than Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. In a book published at Detroit, Mich., he claims to have proved—again with the help of a cipher—not only that Bacon wrote the works bearing the names of Shakspeare, Marlow, Green, Peele, and Spencer (*sic*), as well as *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, but also that he was the lawful son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who had been secretly married in the Tower of London.

WE learn from the New York Critic that, during the nine months ending September 30, the total importation of books into the United States was valued at 3,161,411 dollars, almost equally divided between those free of duty and those dutiable; and that the value of the books exported was 1,639,622 dollars. The importance of these figures arises from a comparison with those for previous years. The imports show very little change, except a slight decrease in dutiable books; while the exports show an increase of exactly twenty per cent. There can be no doubt that the increase in exports is due to the clause in the new copyright law, requiring domestic manufacture.

As a sort of Christmas present for their friends, Messrs. Elkin Mathews & John Lane have had printed a dainty little quarto pamphlet, containing an anonymous prose fancy on "Limited Editions," together with a sonnet entitled "Confessio Amantis," by Mr. R. Le Gallienne.

WE may also mention that the *Daily Chronicle* for December 27 contained a sonnet on "Christmas Day," by Mr. William Watson, which shows all his old strength, both of thought and style. This last is certainly not issued in a limited edition.

DURING the past month, Mr. J. S. Stuart-Glennie has been delivering a course of seven lectures, on "The Conflict of Races," at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh. He explained the origin of civilisation as arising from the economical conflict between higher and lower races; expounded his theory of three primitive white races—Archaian, Semitic, and Aryan; and traced the source of Greek culture and legend to the sanctuary of Dodona and the Pelagic Larissa.

WE have received the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1894 (Gotha: Perthes), which is the first to be published under the rule of Duke Alfred. Naturally, therefore, it is illustrated with portraits of the new Duke and Duchess. The other portraits are of the King of Servia, who looks astonishingly mature for his seventeen years; and of Charles Prince Fugger-Babenhause, who represents the mediaeval banking house of Augsburg. This last illustrates the second part of the work, and not the least instructive: that which gives the genealogies of those who claim to rank on an equality with the families of European sovereigns. The third part, dealing with ducal houses, has on this occasion undergone thorough revision. We also notice that corrections have been introduced in the political account of Great Britain, though something still remains to be done in this respect. But we must implore the editor to submit the entire Indian section to some expert. Not only are many native names hopelessly misspelt, but there are such blunders of fact as describing the Calcutta High Court as a court of appeal for all India, and giving to the governors of both Madras and Bombay the suffix of "Bart." On the other hand, we must not omit to mention the inclusion of Sir West Ridgway as Governor of the Isle of Man.

## THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE following series of papers will appear in the new volume of the *Expositor*, beginning in January: "Agrapha: or the Sayings of Jesus not recorded in the Gospels," by the Rev. Walter Look; "The Connexion between the Third Gospel and the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe; "The Bible and Science," by Sir J. William Dawson; and "New Testament Teaching as to the Second Coming of Christ," by Dr. Joseph Agar Beet. The January number will also contain a reply, by Prof. W. M. Ramsay, to Mr. Chase, and a criticism of a paper on Raysbrook by M. Maurice Maeterlinck.

THE twenty-ninth volume of the *Antiquary* will commence with the January number. Among the articles promised are "The Armour in the Tower," by Viscount Dillon; "The Aborigines of the Canary Isles," by Captain J. W. Gambier; and "Old Stone Monuments and Barrows," by Messrs. H. H. Lines, Ernest E. Speight, and George Payne. The editor himself, the Rev. Dr. G. Charles Cox, will write on "White Horses and other Turf-cut Figures"; Mr. G. S. Gomme on "Municipal Antiquities"; and Mr. Edward Peacock has promised papers on subjects connected with the Great Civil War. The two series on Romano-British antiquities and on Provincial Museums, by various writers, will be continued.

THE January number of the *Asiatic Quarterly* will open with a Sanskrit Sloka, wishing its readers a Happy New Year. The poet, Trimbaklal Jadavrai Desai, represents Dhatri (the creator) as surveying Naraloka (the world of men) from the height of Swarga (Indra's heaven), and showering down sprouts of the Kalpadruma (the wishing-tree that grants all desires). Among the political articles we may mention: "England and France in Indo-China," by General Sir Harry Prendergast, the conqueror of Upper Burma; a sketch of the career of the late Maharaja Dulip Singh, by Sir Lepel Griffin, together with reminiscences by Dr. G. W. Leitner and Baron Textor de Ravisi, and a photograph of him in royal Sikh costume; "The New Viceroy and our Indian Protectorate," by Sir Roper Lethbridge; and "The Last Indian Census," by Mr. John Beames. In the section headed Orientalia, there will be learned papers on "Egyptian and Babylonian Triads," by M. Felix Robiou, and on "Lamaism and its Sects," by Surgeon S. A. Waddell, who also contributes a note on hairy savages in Tibet; and an illustrated article on "Graeco-Buddhist Sculptures," by Dr. Leitner, who deserves the credit of being the first to recognise their significance.

THE *Reliquary* for January will contain the first of a series of articles on "Old Municipal Corporations in Ireland"; a paper by Miss Florence Peacock on "Some Lincolnshire Bell Customs"; and further instalments of "The Pre-Conquest Churches of Northumbria," by Mrs. C. C. Hodges; and of "The Cathedral Churches of Sweden," by Mr. T. M. Fallow.

EDNA LYALL's new story—"Doreen: a Tale of Irish Rights and Wrongs"—will be begun in the *Christian World* of January 4, and continued week by week throughout the year.

A SERIAL story by Mr. Silas K. Hocking, entitled, "A Son of Reuben," will be begun in the *Family Circle* of January 2.

THE number of *Great Thoughts* for January 6 will contain an article on Walt Whitman, by the Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton; and also a hitherto unpublished portrait of Mr. Gladstone, printed on plate paper.



## TRANSLATION.

## TWO SONNETS OF ANTHERO DE QUENTAL.

## I.

*The Nocturnal One.*

SPIRIT that passest, when the wind sleeps low  
O'er ocean and the moon is waxing great,  
Thou only know'st how cruel is my fate,  
O'yon of night time floating to and fro.

And as a song that—sorrowful and slow—  
Wafted from far, doth subtly penetrate,  
Thus o'er my heart's so tumult-troubled state  
Thou pourest out oblivion of woe.

To thee I trust the dream in which I'm borne  
By instinct's light, that darkness' veil hath torn,  
And seeks the lasting Good where phantoms wone.

Thou knowest all my nameless misery,  
The fever of the Ideal now wasting me,  
Thou Genius of the Night and thou alone!

## II.

*A Romantic Burying-Place*

There where the sea breaks with a whirl and roar  
Monotonous, 'tis there my heart shall find  
Its place of sepulture, and where the wind  
Uplifts its lamentations on the shore.

And let the summer suns their rays outpour  
Upon it day by day, in lingering kind;  
In winter time let blasts with fury blind  
Raise up around it the dry sandy floor,

Until it is undone, and then, resolved  
In finest dust, oh, let it be revolved  
Amid the whirlwinds lifted by the breeze,

And be it swallowed up with all its pain,  
Its weariness and strife, its loves insane,  
In those unfruitful tides and bitter seas!

EDGAR PRESTAGE.

## THE AMERICAN DIALECT.

(Concluded.)

Marlesford, Wickham Market.

My former observations under this heading having received an unexpected measure of attention, favourable and unfavourable, in the United States, I now offer what further I prepared, some months ago, by way of elucidating the deterioration, more or less deliberate, which the English language is undergoing at the hands of my fellow-countrymen.

In the second sentence of my paper in No. 1090 of the ACADEMY, there is an error which I would correct. "Most of us," &c., stood in the proof-sheet. Its "of us" should simply have been struck out. The subsequent context altered, "Most of them," which I carelessly allowed to be printed, produces a tautology.

F. H.

JOHN BULL'S LINGUISTIC WAYWARDNESS.

Among the doctrines which our more advanced thinkers inculcate by distinct implication, there is one which appeals to every American citizen. The superiority, under whatever aspect, of our energetic countrymen, with their resultant prerogative to dictate uncontrollably, is to be asserted with all peremptoriness. These premises require no development.

From time to time, fame has whispered, indeed, that, in certain quarters, our title to general pre-eminence has been gainsaid. Now, however, we are in possession of evidence to that effect, on grounds more substantial than disputable rumour. The fact of the contumacy in question exact inquiry has established as beyond doubt, and has also ascertained the lengths to which the contumacy has been carried.

Enlightened as is the age in which our lot is cast, the baleful influence of conservatism is not yet wholly extinct: mistaken loyalty to effete or exploded prescription is, in benighted corners, still occasionally observable; and the claims of the democracy are still feebly

challenged. For instance, the minority of English-speaking persons, not so much concerning what they should say, as concerning how they should say it, refuse to abide by the rulings of the majority. As if their obligation in the matter were not definitely and definitively determined, they are found to arrogate to themselves the right both to go on perpetuating, at will, the language of their uncultured forefathers, and to alter it spontaneously.

On these topics no one has dissented in a loftier tone, or with more cathedral complacency, than Mr. Brander Matthews, Professor of Literature in Columbia College, New York. Allusion is here intended to the opening chapter of his vivacious and incisive *Americanisms and Britishisms*, &c., recently published. Encomium of his reach of observation and of his judicial spirit being forborne, I come at once to his leading maxim. This he enunciates in these terms:

"A blunder made in Great Britain is to be stigmatized as a Britishism; and it is to be avoided, by those who take thought of their speech, just as though the impropriety were a Scotticism or a Hibernicism, an Americanism or an Australianism. When a locution of the London apprentice is not in accord with the principles of the language, there is no prejudice [presumption] in its favour, because it happened to arise beside the Thames, rather than on the shores of the Hudson or by the banks of the St. Lawrence" (p. 13).

With a view to their merited castigation, Prof. Matthews parades "Britishisms a-plenty," as he elegantly puts it; and, though he sometimes apparently forgets himself, as in preferring *station* to the American *depot*, it is clear that, for the most part, he regards an expression mainly peculiar to Great Britain as "a Britishism," and, hence, "a blunder." Considering his zeal for what he accounts pure English, he is not to be blamed for obelizing whatever even approaches to deviation from it. Nor is he to be blamed, but, on the contrary, to be commended, for having, in the interest of two nations, deigned to sully his pen by discussing the vocabulary vagaries of that unimpeachable practitioner of the Johanni-Taurinian dialect, "the London apprentice." As hardly need be said, that so expert a philological naturalist can have failed to discriminate vermin from nobler creatures is a supposition not lightly to be entertained. Thus much prelude, let us inspect some of the specimens of creeping and crawling things, all of them more or less odious, which he has dragged into light. With respect to one of such character he delivers himself as follows:

"In the United States, *beets* are served at table, as a vegetable, while, in Great Britain, *beet-root* is served. Oddly enough, the British do not say *potato-root* or *carrot-root*, when they order either [the former or the latter] of those esculents to be cooked; and, as the American usage seems the more logical [analogical], perhaps it is [the] more likely to prevail" (p. 24).

It is true that, in England, *beet-root* and *beet* are words distinguishing the *garden-beet* and the *field-beet*, eaten, respectively, by man and by divers of his four-footed friends. Still, why observe such an invidious distinction? Added to this, over-nice and finical refinements are abhorrent to our republican simplicity. "Perhaps," surmises Prof. Matthews, our American usage "is [the] more likely to prevail." But we shall do prudently not to be sanguine on that head; Englishmen being notoriously pertinacious in clinging to their old mumpsimus.

One of "perhaps the two most frequent Britishisms, and the most obvious," as we now have it once more pertinently emphasized, is "the use of *different to*, where the American, more appropriately and logically [analogically], says *different from*." Shakspeare, very probably,

was accustomed, during a good part of his life, to hear, along with *different from*, *different to*; and yet he eschewed it, just as he eschewed the verb *experience*, which was pretty firmly radicated in our language before he was born. And what if it has been employed, here and there, by hundreds of English writers since, when yielding to their sense of euphony, such as it was? In spite of Horace's *differt sermoni* and *differe colori*, and Quintilian, and the younger Pliny—which and whom, to Macaulayize, "every schoolboy knows" and knows about—here, again, we are instructed, a stand is to be taken on that infallible criterion, the "logical" [analogical], not to mention the appropriate. Away, then, absolutely, with *different to*, even if, in the name of "logic," we have to discard *averse to* and *dissimilar to*! Nay, can any one interdict an American "logician" from contending for *dislike from*, *disproportionate from*, and an *exception from a rule*? Whatever may be the notes in our own eyes, why are we not to note the beams in the eyes of Englishmen?

An admirable thing is scientific caution; and Prof. Matthews exemplifies it repeatedly. For instance, "I am informed and believe," he tells us, "that an Englishman says *lift*, where we say *elevator*." So, too: "I understand that an Englishman *stops* at a hotel, at which an American would *stay*." With reference to *stop*, for *stay*, Dr. Webster's Editors, in 1880, gave it as a colloquialism proper to the United States, where it certainly is common; and, if a suggestion may deferentially be hazarded, is it not a little hard that Englishmen should be arraigned for chatting in a loose way just as we do ourselves? But, to go back to *lift*, for *elevator*, availing myself incidentally of the expansive style of backwoods oratory, egregious, I would protest, is the taste of those who, towards the enrichment, aggrandizement, ennoblement of our all but ecumenical language, would patrocinate a vocable consisting of a solitary starveling syllable, rather than one of three or four. To borrow the felicitous neologism adoptively sanctioned by Prof. Matthews, let us, above all, be "orotund," as befits a people well-nigh unprecedentedly pre-pollent and approximately unparalleled for its amplitudinousness territorispatially. Who among us, forsooth, would refuse to cast his vote against the abject British *gum*, a mere humming pretext for a word, and not to be named the same twelvemonth with our mellifluous *mucilage*, "linked sweetness long drawn out"?

Again:

"I am told that an Englishman calls for a *tin* of condensed milk, when an American would ask for a *can*; and that an Englishman even ventures to taste *tinned* meat, which we Americans would [should] suspect to be tainted by the metal, although we have no prejudice against [aversion to] *canned* meats" (p. 19).

Once more:

"I have been led to believe that an Englishwoman of fashion," on occasion, "will expect to meet no end of *smart* people, meaning, thereby, not *clever* folks, but *swells*" (p. 19).

If Englishmen choose to talk about a *tin*, instead of imitating us and saying a *can*, the more is the pity, to speak charitably. And then consider "no end" of people! "No end of his goods" is, as we all know, a barbarism which an ancient dramatist indulged in; and countless of his fellow-subjects have offended in like manner. But what is that to us? And why, uncounseled by us, should the English attach to *smart*, as they have long been attaching, the sense of "obtrusively stylish or dashing"? However, the reader's patience must not be taxed to exhaustion.

Under favour, I would now "hesitate" a comment or two, on the chance of their proving

serviceable, in the event of a reappearance of the instructive essay from which a few of the more noticeable criticisms have been extracted.

Several questions are prompted by what follows:

"An American with a sense of the poetic cannot but prefer, to the imported word *autumn*, the native and more logical [analogical] word *fall*, which the British have strangely suffered to drop into disuse" (p. 20).

But how many Americans are aware that *fall* is for *full of the leaf*, by ellipsis? And, with those to whose consciousness its elliptical character is not present, how does it gratify "a sense of the poetic"? And on what ground is it, as compared with *autumn*, or apart from comparison therewith, felt by them to be analogical? What Englishman, moreover, whether town-bred or rural, is unfamiliar with the phrase "to take physic spring and *fall*"? Hereabouts, at least, every one speaks of the *rise of the leaf* and the *fall of the leaf*, to denote seasons. *Autumn* occurs in Chaucer, whereas *fall of the leaf* has not, I believe, been traced beyond the reign of Henry the Eighth, though, doubtless, it is considerably older. *Fall of the year* came up, not improbably, but little more than a hundred years ago. *Fall*, for *autumn*, it may be added, is remarked on, at some length, in the issue of *Notes and Queries* for May 16, 1891.

Hail, bestiole malodorous, B flat, by bard as yet unsung! "The British," avers Prof. Matthews, "are trying to cramp our mother-tongue by limiting *bug* to a single offensive species." Instead of the word *bug*, as used in England at this day, we find, it may be in advance of the invasion of the pest so called, the French *punaise*, which, at least from 1604 onward, was long current, having side by side its synonym *chinche*, from the Spanish, introduced somewhat early in the seventeenth century. That, except in certain compounds, the insectile *bug* ever meant, among Englishmen, besides what it now means, anything but "beetle" or "caterpillar," would be difficult to prove; and that "bed-bug" is what it meant originally has not been disproved. According to the lexicographer Bailey, under the date of 1730, it is, restrictedly, "an insect that infests bedsteads," &c., and its sense has never been extended by popular English usage.

"Trying to cramp our mother-tongue," those lawless free-handlers of speech, "the British," we are also apprised, are "giving to *bloody* an ulterior significance [signification], as of semi-profanity." If chronology had not barred the way, who knows that Prof. Matthews might not have charged Zipporah with "profanity" for styling Moses "a bloody husband"? What "profanity," even demi-semi-, or more minutely fractional, attaches to *bloody* awaits elucidation. Touching the age of the vulgarism animadverted on, as far back as Dryden's time, if not still further back, "*bloody drunk*" was, according to authentic history, the occasional condition of the beatified forefathers of some of us; and American sailors, equally with others, talk of "*bloody rascals*." For the rest, "the British" is a comprehensive designation; and, if the ladies and gentlemen among them patronize the slang of tarpaulins, the circumstance has escaped me. And here, apprehensive of being tedious, and shrinking from being thought presumptuous, I conclude my annotations.

A noteworthy impression which is assumed to have gained a footing is intrepidly combated by Prof. Matthews. "The cockney," he insists, "has no monopoly of good English, if even he has his full portion." Very sensibly, likewise, he scouts the "belief," which we learn that he has discovered to obtain somewhere or other, "that the Londoner is the sole

guardian and trustee of the English language." Alleging that "this is a belief for which there is no foundation whatever," he lays it down, no less irrefutably than dogmatically, that "it is not the London apprentice who [that] is to set the standard." The persons thus indicated collectively, much as their unbounded pretentiousness and self-conceit may haunt and irritate, are also bidden to observe, with all distinctness, that independent republicans are determined to set their magisterial dictation at utter naught. Let them mark and weigh this announcement: "No American writer worth his salt would think of withdrawing a word, or of apologising for a phrase, because it was not current within sound of Bow Bells" (p. 5). And let them, with their inability to appreciate the spirit of all-round freemen, carp, if futilely so disposed, at such things as the following, selected from the essays of which the initial section has been cursorily noticed:

"The long voyage around the Cape, or through the canal" (p. 2).

"We Americans should be sorry to think that there are to-day, in England, any of those who, in 1863, sympathized with the Dean of Canterbury, and who are not now heartily ashamed of their attitude then" (p. 4).

"It is too much to expect, perhaps, that the British critic shall look at this Yankee independence from our point of view" (p. 7). Also at pp. 31, 122.

"Even the gentle Thackeray—if the *excursus* may be forgiven—is not wholly free from this failing" (p. 8).

"Of Briticisms there are as many, and [those] as worthy of collection and collection, as were the most of the Americanisms the all-embracing Bartlett gathered into his dictionary" (p. 14). "The most of their writing serves," &c. (p. 40). "The most of those who write," &c. (p. 40). "The author who has done the most to make us known to the nations of Europe" (p. 89).

"This is an optical delusion, just as the jet of water in the centre of a fountain appears closer to the other side than to ours" (p. 20).

"'Cunning,' . . . in the mouths of his fair countrywomen, . . . is sadly wretched from its true significance" (p. 20).

"Nowhere will it ever be spoken *other than* by a few men here and there, gifted by nature, or trained by art" (p. 28).

"The grammarian, the purist, the *pernicketty* stickler for trifles, is the deadly foe of good English, rich in idioms and racy of the soil" (p. 29).

"Every man . . . must sympathize with Professor Lounsbury's lack of admiration for," &c. (p. 29).

"An unprejudiced critic . . . would probably discover an equality of blemish on *either side of the ocean*" (p. 30).

"These modifications ['traveler' for 'traveller,' 'theater' for 'theatre,' &c.] from the Johnsonian canon" (p. 36).

"A student of optics is not qualified to express an opinion in aesthetics" (p. 41).

"The logical form 'program' is not common even in America" (p. 43). Also at pp. 42, 57.

"Possibly it is idle to look for any *logic* in anything which has to do with modern English orthography on either side of the ocean" (p. 45). Also at p. 53.

"Dr. Johnson was as *illogical* in his keeping in and leaving out of the 'u' in words like 'honor' and 'govern' or 'as he was in many other things'" (p. 48).

"The *illogic* of the great lexicographer is shown in his omission of the 'u' from 'exterior' and 'posterior,' and his retention of it in the kindred words 'interior' and 'anterior'" (p. 48).

"The irresistible tendency of mankind to *cut across lots*" (p. 52).

"Sometimes it seems as though our orthography is altogether vile" (p. 58).

"Thomas Abthorpe Cooper was criticized, in London, as an American; but he *had been* born in Great Britain" (p. 80).

"Only the best of books of foreign authors" (p. 86).

"Cooper's Indian has been *disputed*, and he has been laughed at; but he still lives" (p. 98).

"Counting of noses is not the best way to settle a dispute about literature" (p. 112).

"So wrote Longfellow a many years ago" (p. 114). Also at p. 135. "A many of them" (p. 144).

"No American pirate imperils his salvation to reprint them" (p. 124).

"Those . . . are *derelict* to the first duty of the critic" (p. 125).

"Dr. Johnson's own style, elaborate, if not artificial, and *orotund*, if not polysyllabic" (p. 135).

"An assertion which Matthew Arnold failed to understand, but did not *fail* to denounce" (p. 140).

"There are 'good things' *a-plenty* in this new volume" (p. 141).

"Our continued existence is not *worth while*" (p. 142).

"But the writers from whom she quotes are not always of *that compliment*" (p. 146).

"Colonialism is scarcely an adequate explanation for this devotion to," &c. (p. 148).

"Only three of the thirteen little tales are supposed to *happen* in this great city" (p. 187).

"And Zadoc Pine himself is one of the most direct and manly characters who *has stepped* from real life into literature. He has *gumption* and he has *grit*" (p. 189).

These quotations are, in behalf of Prof. Matthews, confidently submitted for consideration. In the course of his researches, the Professor has unearthed the fact that "there are to be seen, in the English newspapers, now and again, petty attacks on the style and vocabulary of American authors of distinction, which it is, perhaps, charitable to credit to London apprentices." Of the "style and vocabulary" at which these "apprentices," or similar wiseacres, are pleased to bite their thumbs, some samples have now been collected, by way of illustration. These sciolists require to be informed that not quite everybody is at one with them in ignoring, for instance, *shall* for *will*, *would* for *should*, *around* for *round*, *delusion* for *illusion*, *derelict* for *unfaithful*, *excursus* for *passing remark*, *fail* for *hesitate*, *illogic* for *inconsistency*, *illogical* for *inconsistent*, *logic* for *consistency*, *logical* for *analogical*, *modification* for *for violation of*, *other than* for *except*, and *significance* for *signification*. The celebrated Dr. Noah Webster, discoursing in 1790, exhorted his countrymen to "seize the present moment, and establish a *national language* as well as a national government." Of his exhortation, though it produced little immediate effect, our patrician contemporaries are, in the fulness of time, at last beginning to be sufficiently mindful. And, if we advert to that desirable consummation, an international language, why, in this age of triumphant democracy, are not the many to dominate, in all things, irrespectively of the choice of the few, and, while legislating for themselves, simultaneously legislate for others?

To turn to American literature for a moment, I cannot but, with due submission, regret to see that Prof. Matthews, in surveying it, has left one of its most meritorious pioneers wholly uncommemorated. Cooper he calls "the first of American novelists"; of his *Spy* he says that it "is really the first of American novels, and it remains one of the best"; and, the year 1820 premised, he tells us that "Irving's *Knickerbocker* was the only [American] book in print which to-day is read or readable." Back in the thirties, when Radcliffianism had not yet begun to pall on me, few books were more my delight than the almost classical novels of Charles Brockden Brown. And to what excursive student of fiction are they unknown? Brown, by birth a Philadelphian, was gathered to his fathers in 1810, that is to say, several years before Cooper published a page. That, as is implied above, *Edgar Huntley*, to name but



one of Brown's works, is no longer either "read or readable" is a judgment which surely calls to be amended. So heedlessly has Prof. Matthews expressed himself, too, that he would seem never to have heard of, with others, Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin.

From the very heading of this section of what I have said on the American dialect, no one can have mistaken its design. That its elements of exaggeration and burlesque are more than inconsiderable will hardly be objected, however, by intelligent and unprejudiced observers who are familiar with the kind of spurious patriotism now rife in a certain class of American literature. The advocate who is personated has, in the main, not a few counterparts in the United States. If he sometimes glosses expressions in what he quotes, it is to be understood that he would simply clarify them for British readers, or, for the nonce, defer to their taste; it is not that, bitten with Anglomania, he looks on them disapprovingly. Neither in his predilection for American innovations, on the ground that scarcely anybody about him deems them reprehensible, nor in his attempts to justify them by pretty nearly any pleas that may first offer themselves, is he particularly exceptional. As to his fancy for aiming to copy the English of England himself, it must be set to the account of a peculiarity which is far from being common. A sprinkling of "orotundity," indulgence in an occasional explosion of many-syllabled "spread-eagles," and the use of oddities of locution, he would, at the same time, almost claim as his birthright. His verbiage is somewhat national.

Prof. Matthews must be perfectly well aware that the strictures, virtually assumed by him to be ill-founded throughout, which he is inclined to father on his mythical "London apprentices," are precisely of the same sort as those of the best-qualified English critics, when they touch on Americanisms; the truth being, however, that those critics, from dislike of unprofitable iteration, if not because they accept the apparently inevitable, now-a-days pay the more ordinary Americanisms comparatively little heed. The essayist's reason for resenting those strictures is, for all his affectedly arrogant attitude, unmistakable. Just as might have been anticipated, he says: "As I recall the list of those whom I have heard use the English language with mingled ease and elegance, I find fewer Englishmen than either Scotchmen or Americans." Nearly all Americans Scotticize largely; and hence he makes as though he believed that one should look to Scotchmen or to Americans for English at its best. But, instead of this pretence, why not candidly admit that standard English, a thing practically confined to England, is of difficult acquirement for an American, and, therefore, is generally rated by him as of little account? Let a home-staying American pursue the study of English literature as diligently as he may, still, except at the cost of untiring watchfulness, his phraseology will be infected by the colloquial contaminations and solecisms of his constant or casual associates; and such watchfulness, unless he chances to be one in a hundred thousand, he elects to decline. Many as there are among our compatriots who herein concur with him, there are, nevertheless, a few apart from them who strive, and not unsuccessfully, to write English which will, on the whole, provoke no censure from the reasonable on either side of the Atlantic. Of this cast of English is Dr Channing's and Edward Everett's, avowedly an object of disdain to the cucurient or cock-a-doodle-doo school, of whose views the author of *Americanisms and Briticisms* is a typical and influential representative. Yet Prof. Matthews may rest assured that no more in America than elsewhere will bluster and bounce eventually carry the day

against common sense and culture. Not unfrequently may he be reminded, too, that equipment, either as a verbal critic or as a critical verbalist, is not a gift of intuition. If he would "gladly teche," he should, as a condition precedent, "gladly lerne." Alike his theory and his practice, as a rhetorician, are, at present, such as only New York "apprentices" and their allies can possibly accredit.

March 1, 1893.

### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BATTANDIER, Albert. *Le Cardinal Jean-Baptiste Pitra, évêque de Porto*. Paris: Savaire. 15 fr.  
 BENZON, Th. Jacqueline. *Paris: Bousset*. 60 fr.  
 DELAFERRIERE, Eugène. *La France économique et l'armée*. Paris: Charles-Lavauzelle. 12 fr.  
 GRABBELEWS, die attischen. Hrg. v. A. C. nze. 5. Lfg. Berlin: Spemann. 60 M.  
 KÄRMERER, L. Max Liebermann. Leipzig: Seemann. 5 M.  
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 MEYER V. WALDECK, F. Unter dem russischen Scepter. Aus den Erinnerungen d. deutschen Publicisten. Heidelberg: Winter. 6 M.  
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 TAICOCHE, G. Un Congrès au Queen's Royal South-Surrey Regiment: Lettres d'un engagé volontaire. Paris: Charles-Lavauzelle. 3 fr.  
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#### THEOLOGY.

- BACHMANN, J. Der Prophet Jesaja nach der äthiopischen Bibelübersetzung. 1. Thl. Der äthiop. Text. Berlin: Felber. 20 M.  
 HAHN, G. L. Das Evangelium des Lucas. 2. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Breslau: Morgenstern. 6 M.  
 THOMAS, L. Le jour du Seigneur: étude de dogmatique chrétienne et d'histoire. Paris: Fischbacher. 8 fr.

#### HISTORY, ETC.

- ALBERT, Jeanne d'. Mémoires et poésies de. p. p. le Baron Alphonse de Ruble. Paris: Paul. 7 fr. 50 c.  
 BRUNER, C. Die Spuren der römischen Ärzte auf dem Boden der Schweiz. Zürich: Müller. 4 M.  
 CORRESPONDENZ, politische, Friedrich's d. Grossen. 20. Bd. Berlin: Duncker. 15 M.  
 SOMMERLAD, Th. Die Rheinlande im Mittelalter. Halle: Kiemmeier. 3 M. 60 Pf.  
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#### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- FINSCH, O. Ethnologische Erfahrungen u. Belegstücke aus der Südsee. Wien: Holder. 50 Pf.  
 MÖLNBROEK, P. Anwendung der Quaternionen auf die Geometrie. Leiden: Brill. 7 M.  
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- DESCHAMPS, Eustache. Œuvres complètes de. p. p. G. Raynaud. T. VIII. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 12 fr.  
 DURET, V. Grammaire savoyarde, p. p. E. Koschwitz. Berlin: Gronau. 2 M. 80 Pf.  
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 WEBER, A. Ueb. die Königswelche, den Rājasūya. Berlin: Reimer. 10 M.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### "THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND."

St. Andrews: Dec. 23, 1893.

May I thank Dr. Wright for his corrections and explanations? When I wrote my letter, I had only Mr. Noble's review in the ACADEMY before me, and memories of severe mental struggles with this Brontë history.

I would again insist on the extreme slowness of the motives, on both sides, which urged to the swearing of the "family oath" (p. 33). Welsh wants "the services of a little boy," and he hopes, that, after the wild arrangement is concluded, his wife may extract an allowance of £50 per annum from her brother. But that has to be done by letter, when the parties (p. 48) are at a distance of fifty-six hours'

journey from each other. Welsh was neither an Irishman nor a Brontë. Will Dr. Wright not allow that his motive is sketchy? Again, the father of the unlucky child, Hugh II., is "a prosperous man settled in Ireland," Welsh is "a poor and ruined man" (p. 32). Yet the prosperous father expects his ruined, if repentant, enemy, Welsh, to provide Hugh with "the education of a gentleman"—so Welsh said (p. 51)—and to leave him "the inheritance of the old homestead"—that is, of the tenancy of the old homestead—"a charred and ruined house." Now, granting, for the sake of argument, that Welsh deceived Hugh's father, and posed as prosperous, did he not take vast trouble to secure "the services of a little boy"? If his object was the allowance of £50 a year, could the astute Welsh leave that detail out of the "family oath," and chance it recklessly? "Conditions of adoption were agreed on" (p. 33), but not this condition. But compare p. 51, where Welsh says that the allowance was part of the original bargain, with p. 40, where Hugh learns that Welsh "expected his wife to prevail on" her brother to pay the money. What motive, in any case, was there for the oath, binding Hugh's father never to communicate with the boy in any way, and binding Welsh never to let Hugh know where his father lived? These conditions are necessary to the plot of the yarn, but of what advantage were they to Welsh and to Hugh's father? I am not certain when Welsh took to calling himself Brontë; and no explanation is given for Hugh's calling a Brontë "Welsh," as Christian name, except the eccentricity of the Brontë genius. If Hugh really "spoke with a distinctly Scotch accent" (p. 49, note), he could hardly have picked that up at home, if his home was in the south of Ireland. But if "his journey, after all, may have been from the north," from what part of the north is it "a journey of four whole nights of an average of from thirteen to fifteen hours each" to the Boyne?

Setting aside my confusion of the two Hughes, and granting that the widow Welsh, or Mrs. Welsh before she was a widow, may have been Hugh's source for the earlier facts, the story still seems far from convincing. However, the main point is that Hugh told the story.

When Dr. Wright's book reaches a third edition, may one suggest that a genealogical table, with approximate dates, a map of Ireland, and a preliminary skeleton of the whole plot, will be of much service to his readers?

A. LANG.

#### JOB XIX. 17.

British Museum: D. c. 2, 1893.

It may be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that the second part of this verse has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The difficulty lies in the fact that the word *לְפָנַי*, which is translated by "though I entreated" in the A.V., and by "and my supplication" in the R.V., can by all analogy of Hebrew usage only mean "and I was compassionate," or, "and my compassion," the former meaning belonging to the perfect, and the latter may be assigned to the infinitive or verbal noun. The alternative reading given in the margin of the R.V. rests on a certain un-aesthetic sense which the root contained in *לְפָנַי* may bear in the Arabic; and it will, I think, be granted that that suggestion could only have been dictated by a sheer effort of despair.

This being so, one cannot but admit the possibility that the passage in question has undergone some corruption, and that its true meaning will only be discovered when the original text has been found. With this end in

view, I venture to propose the following emendation: If, instead of *לכני בשני*, we read *לכני בשני*, the difficulty vanishes, and the sentence assumes a clear and natural sense. Taking the Vulgate as a basis of translation, the meaning of the whole verse would then be as follows: "Halitum meum exhorruerunt uxor mea, pellices meae et filii uteri mei." This reading receives a considerable amount of confirmation from the fact that the LXX. actually had a word of the meaning "pellex" in their text, though not occupying the same position in the verse, for they render: *καὶ ἰκέλευον τὴν γυναῖκά μου, προσκαλομένην δὲ κολεα-  
κεύον υἱοὺς παλλὰ κ' ἰδὼν μου.*

The objections that may be raised against this emendation are (1) the fact that the usual Hebrew word for "pellex" is *פלגש*, the term *לחנה* only occurring twice in the Aramaic portion of the Book of Daniel, and (2) that the transposition of the first letters of *לכני* and *ובני* respectively appears rather difficult to explain. But the first objection can be effectively met with the well-known fact that the Book of Job abounds in strange words; and it need not, therefore, surprise us to find a Hebraised plural form of *לחנה*, or *לחנא*, in the verse under consideration. And the transposition of the two letters can, I think, be easily accounted for, if one supposes the phrase to have been written down from dictation, and not copied in the ordinary way. The eye could not easily make the supposed mistake, but to the ear the two phrases would sound sufficiently like one another to produce the misunderstanding which is implied in the proposed emendation.

The bearing which this emendation might have on the larger problem connected with the Book of Job I will not now discuss; but if the proposed reading should find favour in the eyes of Biblical students, it will probably help to throw light on the composition of some portions of the difficult book to which it belongs.

G. MARGOLIOUTH.

P.S.—For instances of non-repetition of the *dativi* and other prepositions see Gesenius' *Hebr. Gram.* (edit. E. Kautzsch, Leipzig, 1878), pp. 328-9.

DID DANTE WRITE "RE GIOVANE" OR "RE GIOVANNI" (INF. XXVIII. 135)?

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Dec. 16, 1893.

In connexion with this much debated question, it is worthy of remark that in one of the *Cento Novelle Antiche* (which belong to the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century), the name of the "Young King" is actually given as *John*. In this tale (No. cxlviii. in Biagi's critical ed.) the Prince is called, first of all, "il Giovane Re d'Inghilterra," then "il nobile Re Giovanni d'Inghilterra," and then again, twice, "il Giovane Re."

There is not the least doubt as to the identity of the individual of whom Dante is speaking. It is admitted that the reference can be to no other than Prince Henry, second son of Henry II. of England (the eldest son, William, died in infancy), who, having been crowned during his father's lifetime, was commonly known as the "Young King"—a title by which he is almost invariably described in contemporary Latin documents, as well as in early French, Italian, and Provençal literature. That Dante knew he was called the "Young King" it is hardly reasonable to doubt; for he is repeatedly referred to by this title, both in the poems of Bertran de Born and in the old Provençal biography of the latter, with which, in one form or other, Dante was unquestionably familiar. The point is: was Dante aware that

the "Young King's" name was Henry, or did he, like the author of the tale referred to above, think he was called John, and write *Giovanni* accordingly?

Considering that the weight of MS. evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of that reading as against *giovane* (see Moore, *Text. Crit.*, p. 344), it seems at least possible that this may have been the case.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE INSCRIBED WEIGHT FROM SAMARIA.

Christ's College, Cambridge: Dec. 23, 1893.

In the last number of the ACADEMY Prof. Sayce writes:

"Prof. Robertson Smith is mistaken in saying that the explanation of *natsag* as 'a standard weight' is mine, or that I 'derive' it from the root *yatsag*."

What I wrote in the ACADEMY (p. 445 of the current volume) was:

"He [Prof. Sayce] thinks it possible that the word means 'a standard weight,' and is derived from the root *נצ* [*yatsag*]."

I referred to P. E. F. Qu. St., 1893, p. 32, where Prof. Sayce says:

"We must either assume that there were two weights called *natsag*—which is very improbable—or else suppose that the word simply means 'a standard weight.' If Dr. Neubauer is right in connecting it with the root *נצ* [*yatsag*], this latter signification would be very natural."

To these quotations I have only to add that Prof. Sayce's new word cannot be connected with *yatsag* and yet derived from *natsag*; for if there is a root *yatsag* there is no root *natsag*, and conversely.

W. ROBERTSON SMITH.

FATHER JUVENAL: AN UNRECORDED TIBETAN LEXICOGRAPHER.

London: Dec. 23, 1893.

In the ACADEMY of November 25, there was a note under the above heading, referring to Twining's *Travels in India a Hundred Years Ago*. In the note, attention was called to Twining's record of meeting, at Agra, a Roman Catholic missionary, who had collected the materials for a Tibetan dictionary; and it was asked whether these materials are still in existence.

On page v. of the Preface to Jäschke's Tibetan Dictionary (London, 1882), reference appears to be made to the same missionary, whose name, however, was not known to Jäschke, nor the place where he lived. But he mentions the following facts about his work. "The papers which he left behind him, unsorted and unsifted, came into the hands of Major Latter, and were passed on by him to Mr. Schröter," by whom the dictionary was published and whose name it bears.

W. M. CONWAY.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 31, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "Some Scientific Applications of Photography," by Prof. R. Meldola.  
4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Conditions of Labour and the Formation of Character," by Mr. H. Vivian.

MONDAY, Jan. 1, 4 p.m. London Institution: "Magellan," by Mr. H. J. Mackinder.  
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Endurance of Cosmical Conditions," by Prof. Lohley.

TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Air: Gaseous and Liquid," III., by Prof. Dewar.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: "Plants: their Foes and Defences," I., by Mr. Walter Gardner.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Air: Gaseous and Liquid," IV., by Prof. Dewar.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Poisons and Criminal Treatment," by Mr. W. Tallock.

FRIDAY, Jan. 5, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers' Student's Meeting: "Refrigerating Machines," by Mr. A. R. Gale.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Genesis of the Chalk," by Dr. W. Frazer Hume.

SATURDAY, Jan. 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Air: Gaseous and Liquid," V., by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. Royal Medical Society: "Mountains," I., by Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield.

#### SCIENCE.

*With the Woodlanders and By the Tide.* By "A Son of the Marshes." (Blackwoods.)

YEAR by year the wild creatures of copse and hedgerow are more lovingly studied, and year after year there seems no limit to the books written upon them. That people gladly welcome these books is a strong proof of the love of nature which began with Cowper, was fostered by the Lake poets, and blossomed into its fullest development, in modern days, by the influence of Ruskin and Kingsley. The good effects of this almost passionate devotion to nature, birds, and beasts, are visible on many sides. Bird Acts and Selborne Societies, the crowds that flock to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, the deep interest taken in all provincial collections of birds or butterflies, the separate Faunas and Floras of different counties which have been industriously compiled of late years—these are but outward examples of a widely-diffused love of nature. "My Lords" will be pleased to hear of a parish school in which, five years ago, the boys and girls were profoundly ignorant of the commonest birds and beasts which abounded around them in the country; but now these children could pass a stiff examination, not merely in native creatures, but in most of the typical forms of beasts in other lands as well. Even feminine vanity, it may be hoped, will now yield that deference to Mr. Hudson's excellent letter on the cruelty of massacring birds for woman's head-gear, which all the denunciations of Prof. Newton in past years could not effect. Mrs. Brightwen, who has so earnestly inculcated kindness and forbearance towards animals, might well devote her energies to dissuading her sisters from adorning themselves with birds' plumes. Were the use of pole-traps also abolished, the country would soon be the richer for a larger display of bird-life. So long as game is protected, winged vermin must be destroyed; but the employment of pole-traps kills indiscriminately the most valued and harmless, as well as the most rapacious of birds.

In this growing love for birds, and beasts, and nature generally, the "Son of the Marshes" has had a large share. His method is apparently as aimless and inconsecutive as an afternoon ramble in the woods of his beloved Surrey; and yet it is by no means devoid of art, just as half unconsciously the man who takes such a walk finds that it always leads to some culminating point, to a far riverside prospect or an elevation which commands a wide champaign country. It is not the style of Jefferies, who describes nature with the utmost minuteness, limning every leaf and blade of grass with almost *Praeraphaelite* fidelity. Nor, again, does it resemble the effective pictures of the genial author of *Rambles of a Dominie*. It is far from possessing the well-weighed scholarly instincts of all that fell from the pen of Gilbert White, to whom belongs of right the merit of originating pleasant observations on animated nature. And yet it owns a singularly placid charm. A large number of happily treated subjects succeed each



other, and imperceptibly emerge one from the other, while sketches of native astuteness, anecdotes of poachers and the like, bestow upon the work of the "Son of the Marshes" those human sympathies which are imperatively required among the vast yet monotonous forces of nature. His insight is surprising, and bears witness to many years of observation. The most loving care has evidently been expended in comparing the recent past of nature's aspects round the Mole and on the Surrey hills with the more straightened records of the present, when enclosures and notice-boards exclude lovers of nature from many pleasant districts, and the animals and birds, to say nothing of the fishes, have been seriously diminished, partly by the spread of population, partly by excessive game preserving, and often, as it seems, by the very legal provisions intended to protect them. Thus there is an element of sadness running through these recollections of the "Woodlanders," a faint perfume of the past which is not unpleasant to the reader, as the soft airs and tender distances of a mellow autumnal landscape endear the close of the year.

Of the ten chapters which form this book, that on "Old Hedgerows" is among the most pleasing. The necessity for economical farming is rapidly sweeping these boundaries away in all parts of the country, while draining and cutting down timber have driven away many denizens of forest and stream. There is a delightful study of young fern owls and some very interesting particulars respecting that unfortunately now extinct British bird, the great bustard. Traditions of it survived till quite lately in North Lincolnshire, and every one remembers the bustard which Bennet Langton sent to Johnson; but the "Son of the Marshes" gives a "rigidly authentic" account of nine of these fine birds being shot at one discharge by a battery of duck-guns in Norfolk. He remembers, also, the night heron being shot long before 1872, when it is generally supposed to have been first recorded. His sections on the raven are both interesting and well written. Indeed, the "Son of the Marshes" is an ardent advocate for birds of all kinds, and thinks that a list of the unrecorded birds that have visited Great Britain would far exceed the number of those recorded. Rare birds are frequently plucked and eaten, he opines, without questioning. Readers of his former books will remember that he is devoted to shore shooting, especially at night. There is a good chapter here on this form of sport. It should sharpen the appetite of the shooter, for the author says: "as to curlews, any healthy person, man or woman, could eat three at a meal comfortably."

Space forbids mention of anecdotes on fishing and shooting and poaching, but the lover of the country will find plenty of them in these pages. They are edited, as usual, by J. A. Owen; but a few solecisms have escaped his notice, such as "There is a great deal in everything; but it is apt to be made unpleasant for some when such little games are frustrated at times." The "Son of the Marshes," however, never

professed to write literary English. His strength lies in his remarkable powers of observation and his incisive descriptions; and all who are fond of the native woodlands and their wild creatures will once more accord him a warm welcome.

M. G. WATKINS.

#### THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.

THE December number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt)—the last that will be edited by Mr. J. B. Mayor—again contains a number of good things.

Prof. Lewis Campbell, writing about his life-long friend, the late Master of Balliol, deals mainly with the character and extent of his scholarship in Greek. Jowett's explanation given of the strange blunders to which he was liable would apply also to the numerous inaccuracies in the first edition of J. R. Green's *Short History*: "It is not that I do not know these elementary things; but the effort of making the English harmonious is so great, that one's mind is insensibly drawn away from the details of the Greek." At the end of this notice is printed a rendering by Jowett into Greek elegiacs of "She dwelt among the untrodden ways."

Mr. F. G. Kenyon has yet another find to announce from the Egyptian treasures of the British Museum. This time it is a rescript of Mark Antony, which has been copied on the back of a medical papyrus, confirming the privileges of a gymnastic corporation at Ephesus. Fortunately, it happens to be in almost perfect preservation. Not less interesting is the opening paper, by Prof. Percy Gardner, in which he examines one of the utterances of the Pythian priestess, τὸ νόμισμα παραχόρατον, which is traditionally translated "adulterate the currency." He suggests another interpretation: "counter-strike the coin"—i.e., "look beyond popular opinion, and remould, not truth, but current views." This he supports: (1) by the literal meaning of the Greek compound and other analogous words; (2) by the practice of ancient moneyers, who frequently either placed their own countermarks on coins to attest their genuineness, or re-struck them with fresh dies; and (3) by showing that his explanation is more consistent with the story that connects this Delphic oracle with Diogenes.

Dr. E. A. Abbott repeats a most ingenious theory (which he has already suggested in the *Spectator*) of two passages in the Gospel of Luke, both of which he explains as cases of substitution through misunderstanding the primitive version. (1) The miraculous healing of the ear of the high priest's servant, recorded only by Luke, is explained away as being a misinterpretation of the rebuke to Peter, "restore thy sword to its place," from which came the notion that the ear was restored. (2) The eclipse of the sun at the end of the crucifixion (again recorded only by Luke) is explained as a misinterpretation of the cry "Elias has failed him," leading to the statement that the sun failed.

Mr. C. S. Adamson prints an elaborate collation of the text of the *Protagoras*, given in the Bodleian MS. of Plato (Clarkianus 39), with the object of showing that the collation of Prof. Schanz is altogether untrustworthy. Mr. J. Grafton Milne corroborates the view of Weltzhofer—that a distinct tradition of the text of Pliny's *Natural History* was preserved in England through the Middle Ages—by an examination of two MSS. (in the Bodleian and the library of New College, Oxford), both of which were written by English scribes circa 1200. He states that the readings of these two MSS. are in almost every case identical with

those of Robert of Cricklade's excerpts, and also with Bede's citations.

Of the reviews we can mention only three. Mr. A. C. Headlam surveys briefly the whole mass of literature that has already appeared concerning the Gospel and the Apocalypse of Peter. From the title given to his article, "The Akhmim Fragments," we presume that he is also going to deal hereafter with the Book of Enoch. He begins by quoting the opinion of Mr. Kenyon, on palaeographical grounds, that the MS. may be of the sixth century, which is a much earlier date than has hitherto been assigned to it. He then treats of the state of the text, and the various emendations that have been suggested. As to the date of the Gospel, he is inclined to put it as early as 130 A.D., especially as this would best explain the incorporation of some of its readings in the Western text of the Canonical Gospels. He thinks that the author was certainly a Docetist, who had before him all of our Four Gospels; and he also thinks that it was known to Justin. As to the Apocalypse, he believes that it may have been written in the beginning of the second century, and agrees that from it have come the leading features of later Christian mythology; but, at present, we do not in the least know whence those ideas are themselves derived. Prof. R. Seymour Conway, of Cardiff, reviews three books on Italic Phonology, by Buck, von Planta, and Bronisch, who are all pupils of Prof. Brugmann at Leipzig. Prof. W. M. Ramsay reviews the new volume of Perrot and Chipiez, dealing with prehistoric Greece; and dwells particularly upon their acceptance of the general results established by the excavations of Schliemann and Dörpfeld at Hissarlik.

Finally, we quote the following first lines of a rendering of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer: New Style," by Mr. Herbert Richards:

οἶον ἀρτίως ἀκούσας, Γρύλλε, τῆς μητρὸς λόγον  
μασθάνω· σὺ μὲν γὰρ αὐτῇ πάντ' ἐλάσας, ἡ δ' ἐμολ.  
χρημάτων γυνῆκ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἐπὶ σὺ σὺ γ' ἀέεσθαι δοκεῖς,  
ἀλλ' ἐρῶν ἐρῶσαν, ὀνόητε, τὴν τοῦ γένετος,  
τὴν ἐφ' ἱερὰ δὴ θέουσιν, τὴν μόνην ὅπως καλῆς;

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE PREVALENCE OF -S IN ENGLISH PLURALITY.

Oxford: Dec. 18, 1893.

Prof. Napier must certainly have in reserve some better reasons for his opinion, that the prevalence of -s plurality in English was quite uninfluenced by French example, or he would never have expressed it in such confident terms. I am quite unable to see how either of the two reasons which he has produced can bear the weight he has laid upon it.

The appearance of this feature in the Chronicle about two generations after the Conquest seems to me to tell not for but against his position. To say that Peterborough Abbey was exempt from French influence is gratuitous, and I do not know by what argument it could be justified; and under these conditions to make the assumption is to beg the whole question. I must therefore put aside (at least for the present) Prof. Napier's first reason.

The second is founded on the Ormulum; and here again the argument hinges on the assumption that the poet was beyond the range of French influence. But in this instance a reason is assigned for so thinking. The paucity of French words in this extensive poem is supposed to justify the opinion that the poet knew nothing of French. But there is another hypothesis, equally reasonable, by which we can imagine the paucity of French words to be accounted for. As Orm was a rigid systematist in ortho-

graphy, so he was a purist in diction; and if he makes profession of the one and is silent about the other motive, this is no presumption against its existence. For it is not hard to divine what might be the cause of his reticence, if he lived among or near the French people, and in frequent intercourse with them, which I think he probably did. I take it he was fully acquainted with the French literature of his day, and that the form of his poem is hardly to be explained without this supposition. For it is our earliest example of a long English poem written in French metre; and in it he, speaking of the subject of his poetry, employs the English word *rime* and the French word *verse* interchangeably.

I must then cling to my "ancient and baseless superstition" a little longer; at least, until those who claim to hold a better opinion can fortify it with better arguments.

J. EARLE.

### REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Nov. 25.)

MISS LOUISA MARY DAVIES, president, in the chair.—Mr. Leo H. Grindon, in a paper on "The Figurative Language of Marlowe's 'Edward II.,'" drew attention to the differences between the rhetorician's figurative language, in which the metaphors are consciously, if not designedly, employed, and the ordinary colloquial speech of every-day life, in which they are used without suspicion of their actual nature. In "Edward II." the amount of rhetorical figurative language is scanty in the extreme. There are no rich and elegant appeals to our profounder consciousness of the harmonies between nature and the soul—harmonies beyond those we have been made familiar with in the by-gones. Such of the old-fashioned as do occur are, no doubt, pretty. The figurative epithet most frequently occurring in "Edward II." is "sweet." Marlowe had excellent authority for it. The poets of the Old Testament, Homer, Pindar, Theocritus, Euripides, Moschus—all anticipate him; and there is no lovelier instance of its use than that by Shakspeare in "The Merchant of Venice." So it is with the metaphorical use by Marlowe of "gold" and "golden." In his bestowal of the name upon a faithful and loving kiss, he simply adds to the number of sevenfold familiar phrases in which it is figuratively employed. The rhetorical figures which involve mention of the wolf, the tiger, the lion, the electrical eel or torpedo, and the porcupine, are of the old conventional kind, the natural history derived from Pliny. Familiar too are the mythological and classical allusions. If the matter of the figurative language were gone into minutely, it would involve the etymological and other history of a hundred such words as lovely, favour, sovereign, promise, grief, cherish, company, infamy, aspire, enchant, standard, complaint, fare, protect, each of which has an interesting little biography.—Mr. S. L. Gwynn read a paper on Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." If Milton's phrase about poetry—that it should be simple, sensuous and passionate—be taken as conclusive, very few poems would more perfectly fulfil the ideal than Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." To say that it is free from verbal ingenuities and conceits would be to say that it is not Elizabethan; but in comparison with "Venus and Adonis," or "A Lover's Complaint," it is simplicity undisguised. It is sensuous, not merely in the modern sense, but as Milton meant the word: that is, it pictures everything to the senses and deals with concrete imaginings, not abstract conceits, such as make up Chapman's continuation of the poem. It is the idyllic counterpart to the drama of Romeo and Juliet in the garden. Marlowe did not care about the story proper. What he wants is simply to describe the familiar episode of love, but love unhampered by conventions and heightened by every circumstance of beauty and freshness. Just as a sculptor sets himself to depict the beauty of woman, and out of the marble comes the naked Venus of Melos; so Marlowe took the first old legend that gave a

beautiful setting to the eternal romance of sex, and drew the scene in Hero's chamber with no more thought of morality or immorality than the artist has when he scans the nude model. Marlowe does not want to tell a dramatic story. He wants to draw the beauty of manly comeliness in Leander, and the ardour of his inexperience; the beauty of Hero's maidenhood and its tremulous surrender. When he has done this he stops; and in comes Chapman moralising, with here and there a fine phrase, but on the whole unreadable and perfectly incongruous. There is no comparison between this idyll of Marlowe's and Shakspeare's studies in narrative verse. Fluency and simplicity are essential to such work, and Shakspeare is neither fluent nor simple. His poems are wrought beyond all praise, but they are too highly wrought for pleasure. The task Chapman undertook was impossible. No man can really finish another man's work, for no two men will conceive a story similarly; but he was singularly unfit, because he was incapable of Marlowe's point of view. Other men—Fletcher, for instance—might have failed less completely. The style has been taken up again in this century: Mr. Morris, in *The Earthly Paradise*, has worked with success on Marlowe's lines; and before him Keats had brought to a similar task powers not wholly inferior to Marlowe's own. Keats would have been, as has been suggested, the ideal man to have finished the work, because he also was capable of fixing his mind merely upon the beauty of a story without giving it a bearing upon conduct—a rare gift. The question is radical for art, and is one that does not arise in drama because there conduct is everything. Drama cannot be simple and sensuous merely. But in all descriptive writing and in certain kinds of narrative the opportunity of being so is constantly occurring, and few poems can be quoted with more confidence than this one for perfect purity of treatment where the subject presents every possibility of going wrong. This virtue of clearmindedness, so characteristic of the Greeks at their best, is the antithesis of puritanism, and, indeed, tends to appear a slightly pagan excellence. "Faustus" is a greater work than "Hero and Leander," but it is not more perfect.

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, Dec. 8.)

GEORGE ALLEN, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Mr. William Walker read a paper on "The Many-sidedness of John Ruskin." After referring to the evidences of precocity in the young Ruskin, Mr. Walker said that to a great extent he had happier surroundings than fall to the lot of the generality of mortals: a wealthy father with artistic instincts, a keen eye for the beauties of the lovely scenery through which, on business purposes bent, he leisurely travelled in the beautiful season of the year. I have seen, said Mr. Walker, some of the journals, kept by the young Ruskin during his periods of travel, describing the scenes, frequently in verse. These records are marvellous for the closeness of their descriptions and for the general interest shown in the varied nature before him. In *London's Magazine of Natural History* for 1831 appeared an article in the shape of a query as to the "cause of the colour of the water of the Rhine." Following this and in the same year appeared, with illustrations, "Facts and Considerations on the Strata of Mont Blanc; and on some Instances of Twisted Strata observable in Switzerland," by J. R. A series of articles, styled "The Poetry of Architecture," by Kata Phusin, was commenced in the fifth volume of *London's Architectural Magazine* (1837-1839). As to these articles, very recently published in book-form, Mr. Ruskin stated, when looking over the pages of the old magazine, that he was himself "entirely satisfied with them as being good work well done." Ruskin is perhaps better known as an art-critic, a designation somewhat hateful to himself. His descriptions of some pictures are unequalled for felicity of expression and insight into motive and character, not only of the work criticised, but of the artist who designed and carried the work to completion. Mr. Walker then made reference to Mr. Ruskin's political economy of art, and to various communications to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, generally on political economy. In *Proserpina*, *Deucalion*, and *Love's Meinie*, we are introduced

to botany, geology and mineralogy, and ornithology. Drawing, except for the *Elements* (1857) and *Elements of Perspective* (1859), is exemplified in *The Laws of Fesole*, of which only one volume appeared in 1879. We must, however, gratefully acknowledge that, whatever subject Ruskin has undertaken to educate and instruct us in from his inexhaustible store of knowledge, that subject has been illustrated by such eloquent wealth of language that a most valuable addition has been made in this nineteenth century to the already accumulated store of English literature.

ASIATIC.—(Tuesday, Dec. 12.)

LORD REAY, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Surgeon-Major L. A. Waddell, on "The Indian Buddhist Cult of Avalokita and His Consort Tara, the Saviouress, illustrated from the Remains in Magadha." Mr. Waddell, who has had exceptional facilities for exploring, has found that the cradle-land of Buddhism teems with Mahayana and Tantrik Buddhist remains, and that forms hitherto believed to have been developed outside India in the "Northern" Buddhism of Tibet and China are really Indian in their origin. But as most of the forms were hitherto undescribed, Mr. Waddell has had recourse to the Lamas, as the jealous custodians of Indian Mahayana and Tantrik Buddhist lore. By their aid, and with the Tibetan descriptive lists of the Indian Buddhist pantheon, he has succeeded in identifying all of the fantastic images found by him in Magadha and other parts of India; thus bringing Mahayana and Tantrik Buddhism more intimately home to the Buddhist Holy Land than had hitherto been suspected as possible. Mr. Waddell's present paper is an instalment of his researches in this new field, which promises much light on the development of Indian Buddhism, especially during the dark period of Indian history subsequent to Huien Tsiang's visit. The paper illustrates, by some of these extant remains, one of the most popular internal movements of Indian Mahayana Buddhism, namely, the cult of Avalokita and his Consort Tara. Images of these two divinities in a variety of forms have been found by Mr. Waddell at nearly every old site in Gangetic India visited by him. The paper was illustrated with photographs of Magadha sculptures, showing ten forms of Avalokita and eight of Tara; and many of the sculptures are of high artistic merit. Detailed descriptions were appended of twenty-six forms of Avalokita and thirty forms of Tara from Tibetan and Chinese paintings, images, most of which will probably be found in India also if searched for. Avalokita's image, according to Mr. Waddell, is modelled upon that of the god Brahma, and his cult invests certain of his forms with the functions of a creator, and latterly has tended towards pantheism. Several fresh points of analogy were also brought out, in contrasting the worship of Tara, the Saviouress, with the worship of the Virgin in the Roman Church. The ritual was illustrated by descriptions of the worship and translations of the chief litanies and hymns. Much of the existing confusion in Indian Buddhist history was maintained to be due to the vague use of the term Mahayana as a synonym for "Northern" Buddhism, thus leading to forgetfulness of the fact that the Mahayana, not only in its origin but even in its fully developed form, is as truly an indigenous Indian form of Buddhism as the Hinayana.

### FINE ART.

*An Ordinary of Arms contained in the Public Register of All Arms and Bearings in Scotland.* By James Balfour Paul, Lyon King of Arms. (Edinburgh: Green.)

ALL who are interested in the more serious aspects of heraldry, as a valuable aid to historical and genealogical research, must have rejoiced at the good results which have followed the reconstruction of the Lyon Office of Scotland in 1867. By an Act of that year, the higher appointments in



the Scottish College of Arms, which had become purely honorary, their duties being invariably performed by deputy, were placed on a thoroughly practical and effectively operative basis. The hereditary post of Lyon King was abolished; in future, officials holding that position were to be appointed directly by the Crown, and to be required personally to perform the functions of their office; and the same changes were applied to the position of Lyon Clerk. Above all, the system of the officials of the Lyon Office exacting stated fees from the public, for their own behalf, was put an end to; and, instead of this mode of remuneration, a system of fixed salaries was wisely adopted. As might have been expected, the change has been, in every respect, a salutary one: a change such as those who wish well to the English and Irish Colleges of Arms, and to the science of heraldry generally, must desire should be speedily extended to these offices also.

But something more than the wisest and best-devised enactments is necessary to insure well-being; and at the time of the changes in its constitution indicated above, the Lyon Office was fortunate in possessing two officials distinguished by exceptionally wide and accurate knowledge of their subject, and by exceptional enthusiasm in its pursuit. It is to the erudition, the unwearied diligence, and the unfailing courtesy of the late Dr. George Burnett, Lyon Depute, afterwards Lyon King, and of the late Mr. R. R. Stodart, Lyon Clerk Depute, that the Lyon Office mainly owes its present position of public usefulness, and the high estimation which it enjoys.

The appearance of this useful and carefully compiled Ordinary of Scottish Arms is one among many signs that the good work, begun by Dr. Burnett and Mr. Stodart, is being ably and vigorously continued by their successors. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the publication of this volume marks an epoch in heraldic literature; for—while heralds have before now used the rolls and registers under their charge for historical and genealogical purposes—this is practically the first effort that has been made by a member of a College of Arms to render the records under his official care accessible to the student. It is true that in 1846 Mr. Skey, the St. Patrick Pursuivant, published *The Heraldic Calendar*: a List of the Nobility and Gentry whose Arms are registered and Pedigrees recorded in the Heralds' Office of Ireland. But this work was, in the barest sense of the word, a mere "list" of names, the verbal blazons of only a very few of the registered families being given; so that the little volume resembled rather a finger-post intended to direct one to the Irish College of Arms, than a book of reference that would afford substantial help in independent research.

The Lyon King's "Ordinary," however, fully blazons all the shields contained in the register of the Lyon Office: that is to say, all the arms which have been legally borne in Scotland since, at least, the year 1672. The arrangement adopted is a modification, to suit the less elaborate character of the volume, of the system of Papworth's *Ordinary of Arms*, by means of which

an unknown coat may be identified by a reference to the first-mentioned charge of its blazon, these charges appearing in alphabetical order; and the present volume has the further advantage of an alphabetical index of families—wanting in Papworth, whose book was founded upon Burke's *Encyclopædia of Heraldry*, and was meant to be used in conjunction with that work, where the blazons follow the names of the families, which appear alphabetically.

One slight departure from the Papworth method has been made in this Ordinary of Scottish Arms: not, I think, to its advantage. I mean the arrangement of the arms, under their various headings, in the order of their dates, and of the early undated coats in the alphabetical order of the names of the families bearing them. Thus, under the heading "Chevron Between," we find that "Arg., a chevron vert between two spur-revels in chief and a fleur-de-lys in base gu." for Robert Curle, Glasgow, comes before "Arg., a chevron az. between two cocks in chief sa. and an oak tree eradicated ppr. in base" for James Aitken, Glasgow, in accordance with priority of date in the grant; and "Arg., or chevron wavy sa. between three torteaux" for Alexander Blair, France, appears before "Arg., a chevron gu. between three mullets az." for Brodie of that Ilk, in accordance with the alphabetical arrangement. Now, there is no particular advantage in indicating, by priority of position, which arms, including a chevron, were earliest granted: the date is sufficiently shown by the year appended to each entry, or by the absence of the year which, "as a general rule," indicates that the arms were granted before 1677. The Papworth arrangement is adopted simply as the readiest method of identifying an unknown coat. In it both date and alphabetical priority of family name should be ignored; if the object be to find the arms borne by a given family, the alphabetical index of names should be consulted. When we consider that some twenty-one columns are here occupied with the heading, "Chevron Between," it can hardly be doubted that the process of identification would have been simplified if, under the sub-heading of the tincture or metal of the field, all the chevrons had been arranged under their tinctures or metals, given alphabetically, a specially assigned place being reserved for such chevron coats as form merely parts of quartered shields.

While referring to Papworth's method of arrangement, I may mention, in passing, that it is now being applied to foreign heraldry. For Count Théodore de Renesse is at present issuing, in parts, published by the Société Belge de Librairie of Brussels, a work arranged upon a similar plan and embracing all the 105,000 coats in Rietstap's valuable *Armorial Général*; and his work cannot fail to be of the utmost service to the student of the subject.

In the introduction to his "Ordinary," Mr. Paul gives an interesting account of the official records of the Lyon Office of Scotland. The earliest of these is the venerable folio, now in the Advocates' Library, prepared about 1542 under the superintendence of Sir David

Lindsay, the poet, Lyon King from 1530 to 1555. This volume passed into the hands of Sir James Balfour, one of Lindsay's successors in office; and in 1630 it "was approving be the Lords of his Majesties most honorable Privie Counsaile at Hallerudehous," and thus became the earliest official register of Scottish arms. Various armorial collections were compiled by Sir Robert Forman, Lyon from 1555 to 1567, and other heralds. And, in 1592, an Act was passed giving power to the Lyon and his brother heralds to visit the whole arms of noblemen, barons, and gentlemen in Scotland, to distinguish them with congruent differences, to marticulate them in their books and registers, and "to put inhibition to all the common sort of people, nocht worthie be the law of armes to beir only signes armoriallis"; the penalty of each contravention of the Act being escheat to the Sovereign of all goods and gear on which arms, unlawfully assumed, appeared, payment of a hundred pounde (Scots) to the Lyon and his heralds, and, failing payment, incarceration in the nearest prison during the pleasure of the Lyon. In 1639, the Committee on Articles appointed the Lyon to do diligence for cognoscing and marticulating all arms, and to represent the same to the Privy Council, that they might take some course to prevent arms being assumed irregularly. In 1662, another Act bearing on the functions of the Lyon, and directing him to renew and examine all noblemen and gentlemen's arms and insert them in his registers, was passed; but this was repealed in the following year.

If the registers mentioned in the Act of 1662 were ever compiled, they have not survived. Some have conjectured that they were lost in the voyage to, or from, London, of the Scottish national records carried off to the South by Cromwell; others that they perished in a fire which, according to Arnot, consumed the Lyon Office about 1670. But, in 1672, an Act was again passed, ratifying generally the provisions of that of 1592, and requiring all persons using arms to submit an account of them to the Lyon Clerk, with certificates "anent the verity of their having and using those Armes," that they might be marticulated by the Lyon in his books and registers. The Public Register of all Arms and Bearings in Scotland, was then instituted, "to be respected as the true and unrepealable rule of all armes and bearings in Scotland"; and ever since it has been preserved and duly used for entries and extracts.

It is greatly to be regretted that in Scotland, as elsewhere, the laws bearing upon the false assumption of arms have fallen into disuse, and that the penalties ordained by statute have failed to be enforced. The publication, however, of the present "unrepealable rule of all arms and bearings in Scotland" is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, as showing clearly who are—and, by omission, who are not—legally entitled to be styled "Armiger." And it is to be hoped that the Lyon's brethren in England and Ireland will not fail to follow the good example which he has set them, but

will, before long, produce a similar "Golden Book" of the countries under their heraldic jurisdiction.  
J. M. GRAY.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

A VOTIVE ALTAR OF AAHMES I.

London: Dec. 19, 1893.

There has just been added to the Egyptian collection of the British Museum a very fine sepulchral altar, inscribed with the names and titles of Aahmes I. It is made of red granite, and has upon it the usual representation of funeral offering in relief.

The transcript of the inscription is—

"Nutar nfer neb taul Neb pehti Ra se Ra Aahmes, Uasur heq tèt meri ta an-x-t'et."

"The good God, Lord of the two lands Neb pehti Ra, son of the sun Aahmes, Osiris ruler of eternity the beloved, the giver of life for ever."

Aahmes was the first king of the XVIIIth Dynasty, and is famous as the champion of liberty during the Hyksos or Shepherd occupation; for it was he who besieged them in their stronghold Avaris, and commenced the series of campaigns which finally ended in their complete expulsion from Egyptian soil.

H. W. MENGEDOHT.

### THE "IDOLINO" IN THE ETRUSCAN MUSEUM AT FLORENCE.

Florence: Dec. 19, 1893.

Friends have often told me that they could not find the "Idolino" in the Etruscan Museum. I never knew the reason until this morning, when I happened to look for it myself, and I found the somewhat remote room containing it closed. On inquiry I was told that the "Idolino" was locked up because of insufficiency in the service. But pairs of guards were chatting in the various halls, and in a room I happened to pass several were sitting wrapped in entertaining conversation.

Surely the tourist who pays his franc has as much right to see the masterpiece of a collection as he has to demand of an entertainment every item in the programme. To the student it is annoying to waste a quarter of an hour asserting his rights to see the "Idolino"; and when he has succeeded in having the room containing it opened, it is a nuisance to be disturbed by the impatience of a guard eager for the moment when he can close it again.

This is an abuse which may be unknown to the director. If it be so, I hope that this letter may draw his attention to the fact. It is inconceivable that a director should deliberately keep locked up the masterpiece of the collection.  
Y. Y.

### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE president and council of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers have decided to hold their next exhibition from March 12 to April 7. A selection of the engraved work of Marc Antonio will be a feature of this exhibition. It has been further decided that the election of associates shall be held on Friday, January 5, 1894, at 5 p.m.

WE hear that Mr. John Fulleylove, who returned this autumn from a considerable sojourn in Paris, will hold an exhibition at the gallery of the Fine Art Society, during a part of February and March, of the work in water-colour which is the outcome of that sojourn. Following, as it will, at a not very long interval, upon the Fine Arts Society's exhibition of the works of Mr. Albert Goodwin—in which, as in the work of Mr. Fulleylove, the treatment of architecture counts for so much—students

who are endowed with a tolerable memory will have the opportunity to make a very interesting comparison between the so different visions and so different methods of these two most distinguished draughtsmen of often very kindred subjects.

THE private view of the exhibition of pictures by Mr. Harry Quilter, at the Dudley Gallery, has been postponed to January 13, owing to the illness of the artist. The collection is, we understand, of a miscellaneous character, and numbers 120 oil paintings, of which about one half illustrate Cornish scenery. Two large subject pictures, which, owing to the above cause, have not yet been completed, will be included.

As a result of Mr. Deputy Snowden's offer of a picture to be placed in one of the panels of the Royal Exchange, the Gresham Committee have instructed Mr. R. W. Macbeth to paint a picture illustrative of the opening of the Exchange by the Queen. Sir Frederic Leighton's contribution will be a painting representing the Phoenixians trading with Ancient Britons on the coast of Cornwall.

MESSEURS, DEPREZ & GUTEKUNST, of Green-street, Leicester-square, are, it seems, in possession of a collection of pencil drawings by Méryon, some of which happened to be used by him, years after their execution, as affording material for certain of his later etchings, and others of which—more especially those wrought at Bourges—were made with direct reference to the plates etched by him from subjects afforded by that city. Three prints from the hand of the master of modern etching deal, it may be remembered, with Bourges. One is the elaborate yet imaginative presentment of the Rue des Toiles, which, as Méryon has rendered it, is filled full of the spirit of romance. Another is the less exhaustively wrought plate sometimes known as "La Maison du Musicien." The third is the slighter, though by no means insignificant, little copper, known simply as "A Doorway at Bourges." This, which, while good in its own way, is on the whole the least desirable, chances to be the rarest of the three. The Méryon drawings are of very various importance, some of them being highly finished designs, and some the fragmentary but interesting preparations for those etchings in which the peculiar genius of Méryon allowed him to preserve a unity of effect along with an unwonted multiplicity of detail. It has been already noticed that the private collector of these much extolled and greatly sought for prints is scarcely the person likely to be most appreciative of the pencil-work which was the initial stage of Méryon's labour; and surely the pencil-work, much of which throws such a light on the processes of the artist, would be most appropriately lodged in some public collection. The present group of drawings, which belonged in times past to M. de Salicis—Méryon's friend, who held forth at his funeral—would constitute an admirable and unique gift, even to one of the great provincial galleries, whose directors, heretofore perhaps somewhat preoccupied with securing the possession of popular paintings, have now begun to take note of the existence of "black and white."

### MUSIC.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

WE have received from Messrs. Augener: Reinecke's *Folk-Songs and Dances*, *Telling Fairy Tales*, *Masquerade*, and *Musical Illustrations*. All form part of the "Musical Kindergarten" series (Op. 206). National music is as interesting as it is important, and the selection

is an excellent one. The "Fairy Tales" are told with the help of capital musical illustrations, the "Masquerade" contains dainty little pieces, while in the third collection the tales are related entirely by means of tones. Many years of experience have made Reinecke unrivalled as a composer for the young. Each collection is arranged both as pianoforte solo and a pianoforte duet.

Among modern composers of light, elegant pianoforte music Anton Strelezki holds a distinguished place. His "Sérénade Espagnole," "Venezia," "Menuet à l'antique," and "Valse-ette" are well-written, attractive pieces; they are not very difficult, but need good playing. His "Zwei Klavierstücke" are more ambitious; they are interesting in melody, harmony, and rhythm. In the first the influence of Schumann is unmistakable. Three pieces entitled "Fueille de Trèfle," by S. Noskowski, well deserve any trouble they may cause the player. F. Kirchner's "Irrlichter-Tanz" is a clever little piece. Of pianoforte duets we would specially commend Max Reger's "Walzer-Capricen." They display originality, and are full of piquant rhythm and harmony; they are thoroughly well written for the instrument, but, certainly, not easy to play.

Of vocal music we would mention Max Reger's "Lieder" (Op. 4) and the three Choruses (Op. 6). The composer has really something to say, but says it, at times, in too intricate a manner. The song, "Im April," is fresh as spring itself; and though the music is as clever as it is pleasing, there is no sense of effort. In other pieces Max Reger appears to force his inspiration: the rhythms are confusing, or the harmonies overcrowded; nevertheless, in all there is much to admire. The Choruses are also extremely interesting. The middle number, "Zur Nacht," is the one most to our liking; the soft "Angel of Slumber" phrase comes as a welcome contrast after sombre harmonies and rugged rhythms. Reinecke's twelve "Lieder" for two soprano voices (Op. 217) are smooth and graceful—not only pleasant to the ear, but grateful to the performers. All the above-mentioned songs have both German and English words.

Dr. C. V. Stanford's "May's Love," to words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, is a charming little song, in which simplicity and smartness go hand in hand. Kjerulf's "Her Voice" and "Longing" are as refined as they are graceful: the words are in Norse and in English. "A Lake and a Fairy Boat" and "The Serenade," by Emil Kreuz, are both clever and expressive songs. "All on a Fair May Morning," by Hamish MacCunn, has a theme which for *naïveté* recalls Schubert; the accompaniment is effective: the "Foxglove" section forms a pleasant contrast to the reiterated triplets.  
J. S. SHEDLOCK.

### A PENNY A DROP.

THE PURE OTTO OF ROSE

IN

Toilet "Vimolia" Soap and  
"Vimolia" Toilet Powder,  
NOW COSTS A PENNY A DROP.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

E P P S 'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

C O C O A

BOILING WATER OR MILK.



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